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THE QUEEN.

The news of Queen Victoria's death gave a world-wide shock. She was much more in the eyes of mankind than the senior Sovereign. She was "The Queen" by almost universal agreement; the ruler who never blundered because obedient to law. She represented the principle of the sacred heart in Government, of motherhood on the throne. She was the matriarch of three hundred millions of subjects. The United States themselves voluntarily bowed to her matriarchate.

To the dark, half-savage races under the British Crown the Queen was a "totem," a superhuman being. They imagined her an essential part of the British system. To most of her Asiatic subjects she was the Queen of Kings. The Mahometans thought her in a special degree favored by God and predestined to wide authority and the brightest fortune. Lord Cromer three years ago remarked that belief in the Queen's luck greatly facilitated his task in Egypt. Mr. Clinton Dawkins, the late Financial Secretary of Egypt, has told me that all over the East people said: "The Queen is visibly the favorite of God: Since this is so, why struggle against Him?" The idea that Allah was with her struck Mehemet Ali as early as 1840. It prompted him to accept the terms Sir Charles Napier

offered. We may now apprehend a crisis in Asiatic affairs, and in all those countries where the Queen was regarded as a sort of "totem." There never has been in the history of the world a Sovereign whose wide sway, founded on force, was so transformed into a moral primacy. French Republicans, who are rationalists, revered Victoria. During her illness they spoke of her as "the Queen," as if she were the single Queen in the world.

Queen Victoria's fellow Sovereigns looked up to her with veneration. She had outlived most crowned heads of her age. At the outset of her career she adopted the rule not to incur just blame in her international relations. She sincerely tried not to be in the wrong. She was personally acquainted with most of them, and a lady in her manner of dealing with them; and her private letters on European affairs were read with deference. They made for European harmony. The Queen was chary of advice, and withheld it when she thought it might not be well received. A letter from her to the old German Emperor prevented a war with France. She was always in the right when she personally came forward to stave off some dangerous international crisis. Her judgment was true, her tact delicate. If her spirit, as head of

a great Empire, was high, she had a light, soft hand, and knew how not to wound in touching a sore subject. Of course she wrote subject to advice; but she expressed herself in her own way, and according to her own feeling, which was sure to be good. She was not a stylist; she was above the technicalities of literary composition; but she had an eloquence of her own. When writing to her people she always wrote from the heart, and all truly great words and actions come from the heart.

The Queen has brought feminine sovereignty into just favor throughout Europe. Peoples have been in general harshly governed. Governments have been too ready to take issue on points on which differences of opinion must lead to conflicts. The Queen has been a maternal influence in politics. She never held Government to be impeccable. The spirit of the time made for humanity and justice, and she went with it. Female Sovereigns now set out with a larger credit than Sovereigns of the other sex. The Dutch worship their young Queen, who was brought up to see in Victoria a good and safe example. Although a foreigner, and not remarkable for personal charm, the Queen Regent of Spain has not been disturbed by faction. A king in her place could hardly have passed through the crisis of two years ago without falling.

The Queen's career was at its zenith in the year of the Diamond Jubilee. Up to that point Great Britain had only reaped advantages from the Free Trade measures of 1846. But the industrial plants she furnished to the world brought trade rivals everywhere into the field, and she ceased to have a monopoly of world-wide commerce. Times were growing harder, and little had been done to improve the hands and brains of the millions in the manufacturing swarmeries. Prussia, as

Bulwer Lytton showed in the House of Commons, had laid, in her course of education for primary schools, the foundations of the public prosperity and healthy growth that now dazzle the world. Scotland alone in the British Islands had primary schools deserving of the name; but the Scotch had neglected the technical training of the poor. Great Britain awoke about the time of the Diamond Jubilee to her relative inferiority. She saw the other nations emulous of increasing their possessions for the one purpose of securing markets. The principles of Peel and Cobden, on which England had flourished, fell into disfavor, and a Jingo Imperialism, with its many attendant dangers, was adopted.

There were personal reasons which inclined the Queen towards the Imperialist movement. It might have been well for her if her reign had closed with the Diamond Jubilee. Her sixty years' experience ill-fitted her for the military and industrial tussle to which Great Britain seems condemned. She had known only good times ever since 1846. Old age had deprived her of the elasticity needed to adapt herself to a new and evil time. Her breakdown, we may assume, was due to the feelings with which she beheld the lean kine devour the fat kine. Looking back three years, it seems to one that the Queen's good genius forsook her on the morrow of her Diamond Jubilee.

The military pageantry and the pomp with which that anniversary was kept ill accorded with the general character of the reign, or with the tastes of the Queen. She had no taste for the trappings of royalty, and was always trying to escape from them. What was dazzling in her situation had long been distasteful to her. She liked to be at ease in old shoes and in clothes that had, through wear, adapted themselves to her figure. Convenience was chiefly

aimed at in her ordinary attire. Her hats and bonnets were not at all for ornament, but for use. She did dress finely on State occasions, but was always glad to return to her homely belongings.

The Queen never in her life threw dust in people's eyes. She owed her prestige to her great situation in the world and to her personal virtues. Nice is the resort of the gilded class of all countries. It is a place where fine feathers are thought to make fine birds. But the Queen stood above and outside the world of fashion there. The little, stout old lady in her donkey-chair compelled universal respect. Before she lost the use of her limbs, I saw her walking on a country road near Cannes. Some English ladies came up. They had a taste for fine appearances. One of them averted her eyes from the Queen as Her Majesty raised her skirt to step over a puddle. She could not bear to see the inelegant easy shoes of her Sovereign, the unfashionably cut gown and mantle, and a hat with a mushroom brim, intended to serve merely as a sunshade.

The Queen went in for essentials and discarded encumbering pomp. I remember a saying of an Irish policeman with whom I fell into conversation at Windsor. He often saw the Queen when on duty there.

"What do you think of her?" I asked. "By all accounts she has a good heart. But it would not, I hear, be easy to take her in by pretending you were dying of starvation. Do you think her a nice lady?"

"Is it a purty lady you mane?"

"Well, not exactly—a *real* lady."

"She's all that, and does not look across her nose from pride, like some rich persons in these parts. She goes about very plain like, unless when she drives down to the meadow to review troops. Even then I never saw her between the unicorn and the lion. We

all call her among ourselves the Widow."

"Who are *we*?"

"The peelers and the soldiers, be-dad."

"Do you think it demeans you men to serve the Widow?"

"No; and especially as she would be good to our widows if we died. Her heart warms at the sight of a widow."

The Widow, as Queen Victoria, appears for the first time conspicuously in English history. It is as the Widow that she was most herself, and will be most favorably judged by posterity.

I was present at the Diamond Jubilee. It struck me as of ill omen. I had seen most of the great shows of my time, and the pride and pomp of many kingdoms and empires. They were all disappointing. I asked myself after they had vanished: "What went ye out for to see?" Some of them forced on me the conviction that the civilized world is not yet purged from barbarism. The barbarian does not see beyond the concrete; he gives the first place to material force and gew-gaw grandeur. Of the power behind them he has no perception. No intuition warns him that it will break the idol he worships. When barbarous Macedonia led the Greeks away to the field of military conquest, the fall of Greece was at hand. As soon as France, and indeed all the European Courts, adored monarchical power as symbolized in Versailles, the moral force they should have worshipped began to work for revolution. Scourges were prepared to chastise first the French and then the foreign idolaters. Chastisement was applied to most of the rulers of Europe. I recollect that the Second Empire began visibly to decline from the day of its greatest triumph, the bright midsummer day on which the Emperor distributed prizes won at a universal exhibition. He had his wife decked out in the finest

jewels of the crown on one hand, and his son, doomed to so sad an end, on the other. There were twenty-four sovereigns and heirs apparent, with their consorts, to right and left. The most bewitching elegance drew attention to the too material aspects of the pageant. There was a spirit of Jingo-Imperialism in the great hall in which the Emperor and Empress of the French received Europe and Asia. For the Sultan Abdul Azis, also blazing in diamonds, was present, with his ill-fated nephew, Mourad, and the Prince now known to the world as the Red Sultan. Rossini had composed a triumphant cantata, which was sung by the largest and most highly trained chorus ever heard in France, and by the first *soli* of the day. The jingoism was not so much expressed in words or air as in the cannon which were brought into the instrumental music. How inauspicious the miserable noise of these guns seemed to me! I thought of the proximity of the Capitol to the Tarpelan Rock. A few hours later all the Sovereigns, and Paris with them, learned that the prestige of the Emperor Napoleon was brought low by the execution at Meritaro of his protégé, the Emperor Maximilian. Mexico had braved the French Empire; a half-caste lawyer, Juarez, had tweaked the nose of Napoleon III. The beginning of the end was at hand. It took only three years from that triumphant day to clear away Imperial France and its jingoism.

The Diamond Jubilee, where I saw Queen Victoria for the last time, reminded me of that bright midsummer day. Not that I had any suspicion of the motives actuating those politicians who got up the show. Complicity with Rhodes did not betray itself. But it seemed to me in the nature of things that such a glorification of material power must be followed by a dark reverse, or even by an eclipse of that

power. It is dangerous for nations, as for individuals, to tempt Providence. The auspicious name of Victoria was used almost as an unholy spell. The real presence of Victoria was brought forward like a certain Egyptian god in the procession scene in "Aïda." She was to have been relegated, like that god, with other properties, to the lumber-room when the show was at an end. It was feared by the Rhodesian managers of the show that she would hamper their plan of campaign. The Diamond Jubilee, therefore, was to have been her last bow in public to the nation which she had ruled in peace and prosperity for sixty years. The Queen found the Boers troublesome, and thought them aggressive and hard to deal with. Still she clung with her strong sentiment and firm will, to the hope of peace in her time. She had seen so many dangerous crises surmounted without drawing the sword. Patience, soft words, and thorough preparation for the worst were what recommended themselves to her mind. She was the female Nestor of her time. Her words in council carried weight with them. This made her an obstacle to the strongest wing of the Government. It was determined to lead her to abdicate by suggesting through the Jingo Press a senile decay that rendered her unfit to discharge regal duties. A yellow morning paper, acting doubtless on a hint, spoke of her abdication as likely to be the closing act of the Diamond Jubilee. The nation—so it was put—could not grudge her the rest so well earned. It was Mr. Labouchere who, in Truth, called attention to this plan of campaign. The Queen put her foot down in a letter to her people. She declared her determination to devote herself to them to the last day of her life. This put an end at once to the rumors of abdication.

We have seen in the dark eighteen

months that preceded the Queen's death how she kept her promise. She rose to a sublime height of duty. The good Queen became the grand Queen. In spite of painful and manifold infirmities, in spite of cruel family bereavements, in spite of a shrinking from harrowing sights and scenes, she did devote herself to her people. She came forward to show the nation a patriotic example. The Royal Widow, the representative widow of the world, herself welcomed the humble widows and wives of soldiers at the front at a friendly Christmas gathering in her palace. She herself endured bitter grief for the death of her second son, quickly following the death of his heir, which took place under peculiarly heartrending circumstances. She lost in the war a good, worthy grandson, who had honorably and honestly worked his way up to the rank of major, and had sought no favor, but applied himself to regimental duties. If not brilliant he was lovable and sterling. He was born and bred at Windsor.

Notwithstanding the Queen's propensity to mourn the dead in solitary grief, she felt she ought to be up and comforting the wounded. Those about her feared it might be too much for nerves that had been a good deal shaken. But go she would. She owed it to her soldiers to say kind words to them and herself to give them tokens of the sympathy and admiration she felt for men who had bravely fought for her and her Empire. Her sweet kindness prompted her to bring baskets of little nosegays, culled in the gardens of Osborne. Each man had his pretty, fragrant posy. "Be sure," said the Queen to her gardener, "that you gather flowers that have not more than come out and buds that are advanced. They will last some days. Also gather a sprig of some nicely-scented thing for each. A fragrant

bunch of flowers must be so grateful to a poor wounded man in a hospital." I have these words from the sister of one of the Queen's ladies, who heard her utter them. The same lady told me how it was the Queen's own idea, when she heard Lord Roberts had lost his son, to send for Lady Roberts and hand her the decoration intended for him. She subsequently said: "What grieves me most is that I cannot possibly do more. It would be so gratifying to me to be able to do more to soothe their grief." The same informant said to me last November: "Nobody could have believed the Queen able to make such efforts, and such sustained efforts. Were it not for her crippled state one might think the war, in rousing her, had cured her infirmities. She seems to have taken out a new lease of life. Her moral courage is amazing. We all shrink from opening letters and telegrams when we fear bad news. Every War Office telegram is brought at once to the Queen, and by her orders a secretary opens it and reads. The Queen often weeps and sobs in listening; but she listens to the end and does not miss one word."

Another instance of her courage was given in conquering her fear of being shot in Ireland. It was entirely her own idea to go there. She unexpectedly expressed it one morning at the breakfast table. The Princess Beatrice tried to dissuade her. All preparations had been made for a trip to the Riviera and she needed sunshine. Home Office and Dublin Castle reports were alarming. But the Queen thought it a sacred duty to go to Ireland, as "the grateful admirer of the Irish who had so bravely fought and fallen in South Africa." The conquest of her fear must have helped to exhaust her nervous force.

There is nothing more trying in old age than the persistent clinging to the consciousness of painful sensations.

They are not to be shaken off. Between sleeping and waking they haunt the mind, oppressing like a nightmare. The Queen must have had this experience before she visited Netley Hospital. It was more than brave to revisit the sick wards there. If her sight had not grown dim, she might not have been able to persevere. Much of what was shocking would be covered over. Yet she must have been fully alive to the horrors caused by war. She was near enough to every shattered invalid to realize his state, and had a word of tender sympathy. Only a high sense of duty, and a stubborn will could have enabled her to go on thus "devoting herself to the last moment of her life to her people." The Queen all her life showed moral courage in wishing to know the truth, whatever it might be. I am informed that after the breakdown of health began at Balmoral depressing and harrowing news was kept back or "toned down." She suspected that she was not kept thoroughly informed, and chafed. She required, she said, to be informed of *everything*. But, all but blind and crippled, she could not enforce utter obedience. She finally took the strong course of sending for Lord Roberts to hear from his lips the whole truth about the war. But she was very low when he came. A previous meeting with the Duchess of Colburg, who was fresh from Germany, with her mind full of sad family affairs, had depressed the Queen. Lord Roberts, may, perhaps, have recoiled from a full revelation. But whether he did or not, what he said was more than the aged Sovereign could bear.

I have mentioned above that I last saw the Queen at the Diamond Jubilee. But for a happy accident I should have missed seeing her. She was always a little bit of a woman, but age had further reduced her height and bowed her head, which for some years rested on her bosom, unless she made an effort

to hold it up. As the royal carriage approached the platform on which I sat, I was all attention. The Princess of Wales, in a mauve and silver robe, delicately refulgent as a Norse landscape in the midnight sun, sat, along with the Princess Christian, with her back to the horses. She looked happy as a fairy tale Princess at the end of the story, when virtue is freshly rewarded. And she deserved to be happy. She had secured a good dinner for the poor of London in honor of the Jubilee. Facing her was a white parasol, and what seemed to be a bundle of clothes. The bundle was quite shapeless; but one could discern in it a rich mantle of black figured velvet with a white ground. Could there be a wearer of the mantle? If there was she was huddled up. I felt provoked at the big white parasol, which was so held that one could not have a peep at the face behind it. One can see so much in a moment, when one is all eyes, as one can think so many thoughts in uttering a single short sentence in an improvised speech. A shade, I could perceive, passed over the thousands of faces, with eyes fixed on the parasol. It was like the shadow of a fleeting cloud on a ripe field of corn. Thought I: "To have come from Paris on purpose to see the Queen! It is too bad. Is it polite to all those good people to hide herself behind that parasol? We all know she is old. But there can be a beauty in old age when the face gives, in a few strong touches, the story of a well-spent life." As I thus mused, a slightly rude zephyr lifted the parasol, and held it back. The Queen was face to face with the multitude. Their eyes caught hers. There was mutual recognition, and then a thundering, hearty, affectionate cheer that rent the sky.

We saw a face there was no need for hiding. It was not lovely; no; but it was a goodly, kindly face, wrinkled

only about the eyes, the mouth and the chin; the cheeks had no longer the em-purpled roseate of earlier years. There was a complexion that was due to breathing all a lifetime the purest air,

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drinking the best milk, keeping regular hours, and taking all the exercise consistent with weak limbs. Any one that day might have reasonably hoped the Queen would live to be a hundred.

Emily Crawford.

FIN-DE-SIECLE.

The conventional pessimist, who so sadly deplores the degeneracy of our *fin-de-siècle* women, would delight in a work that has recently fallen into my hands. It dwells in sorrowful terms on the grievous habits of latter-day women. Listen to their talk—the perpetual use of some one cant epithet, constantly recurring and made to do duty for every variety of meaning. Then look at their frivolity—life one continual round of pleasure, while the home, once essentially a woman's sphere, knows her so little that she is obliged periodically to send round cards to her acquaintance announcing the unwonted event of her being "At Home." Like mother, like child. Even the little ones are being corrupted by their injudicious elders, kept up after midnight at babies' balls, "their little hearts beating with hopes about partners and fears about rivals." Yet what can we expect of an age that has produced the New Woman, the shrieking sisterhood who talk about their rights?—rights, forsooth, when it was duties their grandmothers thought of. The very literature reflects the taste of the day—corrupt and vicious; yet how expect virtue or morality from an age that reads "La Nouvelle Héloïse" and "Die Räuber."

Yes, such was the terrible state of society at the end of last century, when Hannah More dipped her pen in bitterness to attack the advanced wom-

en of her day, "the bold and independent beauty, the intrepid female, the hoyden, the huntress and the archer, the swinging arms, the confident address, the regimental and the four-in-hand." To those who are accustomed to look on the eighteenth century as the period of powder, patches and politeness, these accusations seem very startling. It is so easy to forget that, though fashions change, human nature does not, and therefore the same types are bound to recur, though in different garb. Doubtless the progressive thinkers of Hannah More's day spoke of the nineteenth century in the same tones of ardent hope with which we talk of the twentieth. The nervous, hysterical woman had vanished, this lady assures us, before the advent of "man-nishness;" the neurotic woman was temporarily out of favor.

With a touch of her hand fashion shifted the scene,
The hoyden, the huntress, the bold heroine,
Like ghosts through a trap-door sprang up on the stage,
Masculine women became all the rage.¹

But then, as now, the masculine woman was probably the exception, while, if we may trust contemporary writers, her opposite, the woman of

¹ From a contemporary verse review of the *Strictures on Female Education*.

sensibility, who must not by any trick of language be confounded with the sensible woman, still held the stage. Her nerves, her hysterics, her faintings in the hero's arms, her abundant tears dried with lace-edged handkerchiefs, her inevitable smelling-salts and frantic flights to her own chamber—how familiar they are! She glories in this ultra-sensibility.

"You urge me to think," writes Julia, in Miss Edgeworth's *Letters to Literary Ladies*; "I profess only to feel. Yes," she continues, "if at this instant my guardian genius were to appear before me, and offer me the choice of my future destiny: on the one hand, the even temper, the poised judgment, the stoical serenity of philosophy; on the other, the eager genius, the exquisite sensibility of enthusiasm; if the angel said to me: 'Choose—the lot of the one is great pleasure and great pain, great virtues and great defects, ardent hopes and severe disappointments, ecstasy and despair; the lot of the other is calm happiness un-mixed with violent grief, virtue without heroism, respect without admiration, and a length of life in which to every moment is allotted its proper portion of felicity;' Gracious genius, I should exclaim, if half my existence must be the sacrifice, take it; enthusiasm is my choice."

Of this kind of sensibility Miss Austen's genius has made Marianne, in *"Sense and Sensibility,"* the type for all time. Violent in her affection and her hatred, determined to appear miserable when she feels so, and with all that loving and lovable, we lose patience with her at times, and yet find her far more to our mind than her contemporaries, the silly flirts who are always giggling and whispering about their beaux, the slangy women, to whom everything is either "vastly entertaining" or "quite shocking," or the horsy Lady Di Spankers, who played so important a part in fiction. Very real figures are they all, drawn in pre-

impressionist days, clear-cut portraits that will survive many of our shadowy modern heroines. They rise before us, living women of flesh and blood, to describe to us the fashions and ideals of their day.

The special characteristic of English ladies at the turn of the century seems to have been their uselessness. Work was menial and degrading; to earn a living a disgrace. A man who worked might be "respectable," but he had a better claim to admiration if he spent somebody else's money, and got gloriously into debt. Miss Austen supplies numerous instances of this type. Edward Ferrars, in *"Sense and Sensibility,"* who depends for a subsistence on a capricious mother, and may neither determine his own actions nor choose his own wife, is yet considered worthy to win Elinor the Sensible. In the case of Willoughby the False, it is an alleviation rather than an aggravation of his misdeeds that he is dependent on the good will of a certain old lady. Frank Churchill, in *"Emma,"* is another of the handsome young men who live by flattering old ladies while making sport of young ones. A rare exception is Edward Bertram, in *"Mansfield Park,"* but his virtue is almost excessive. He actually determines to live at his parsonage and do his duty to his parishioners for the pittance of £700 a year. In spite of this heroic self-denial, he is keenly alive to the value of a competence. "I do not mean to be poor," he says. "Poverty is exactly what I have determined against. Honesty, in the something between, in the middle state of worldly circumstances, is all that I am anxious for your not looking down on." To which Mary Crawford, who loves him, though not well enough to take such a step down in the social scale, retorts, "You ought to be in Parliament, or you should have gone into the army ten years ago."

This was the age of the "jolly young bucks," themselves the successors of the "fades maccaronies," of whom Miss Burney has described the characteristics; "taking no notice of things, seeing people and saying nothing, and never hearing a word, and not knowing one's own acquaintance, and always finding fault." Both types agreed in never doing anything so long as some one else could be found to do it for them.

If idleness was so desirable for men, how much more was it necessary for women! We all remember how poor Jane Fairfax, destined to be a victim to the governess-trade—"widely different certainly from the slave-trade, as to the guilt of those who carry it on; but as to the greater misery of the victims, I do not know where it lies"—is saved from this terrible fate by the timely death of Mrs. Churchill. In this world of *ton* and fashion it was natural that the useless should be the aim of education, as opposed to Herbert Spencer's excessive admiration for the useful. The eighteenth century witnessed the apotheosis of the accomplishment. Some share in this result may have been due to the recent invention of the pianoforte. A cruel destiny was attached to that instrument. It was to drain the very life and energy of many generations of women, to tyrannize over the schoolroom for more than a hundred years, and to lead many a sober and right-living man to lift up his voice and curse his neighbor. The piano became essentially the lady's instrument. There seemed to be a notion that anybody could play it, or at least any feminine person. Boys learned it when they had taste and inclination; girls even when they lacked both. Hannah More quotes a contemporary writer to this effect: "Suppose your pupil to begin at six years of age, and to continue at the average of four hours a day only (what gruesome possibilities are conjured up by that 'only'),

Sundays excepted, and thirteen days allowed for travelling annually, till she is eighteen, the statement stands thus: 300 days multiplied by 4, the number of hours amount to 1,200, that number multiplied by 12, which is the number of years, amounts to 14,400 hours." "A thing imagination boggles at!" we might be tempted to exclaim were we not dealing with so correct a lady as Hannah More.

What was the real aim of all this piano playing, which, as we are so constantly assured, was given up after marriage? Miss Austen has let us into the secret. As Orpheus drew the rocks and trees and savage beasts by the sound of his lyre, so must its rivals, the harp and piano, lure to his doom the unwilling bachelor. "Give a girl an education," says Mrs. Norris in "Mansfield Park," "and introduce her properly into the world, and ten to one but she has the means of settling well without further expense to anybody," except apparently the rich people who subsidize the young man who marries the musical young woman.

The aim of education—to win a husband. The means—beauty and accomplishments; the former is Heaven's gift, but the latter may be acquired. What do you mean by "accomplished?" asks one of those Edgeworthian mothers, who so admirably reflect the calm common-sense of their creator. "Why, that she dances extremely well, and that she speaks French and Italian, and that she draws exceedingly well indeed. . . . She certainly plays extremely well upon the pianoforte and understands music perfectly." The young ladies of a hundred years ago were at least as liberal with their superlatives as our modern girls. Next to music came drawing, but this seems to have attracted only second-best matrimonial prizes. It was less aggressive and did not force so much attention, though the practice of showing off the

young ladies' artistic performances in the drawing-room had become, according to Miss Edgeworth, "a private nuisance." As for dancing, if we may trust Hannah More, it was lifted into such importance that it could not with any degree of safety be confided to one instructor, but a whole train of successive masters were considered absolutely essential to its perfection. She adds the account of a "real instance in which the delighted mother had been heard to declare that the visits of masters of every art, and the different masters for the various gradations of the same art, followed each other in such close and rapid succession during the whole of the London residence, that her girls had not a moment's interval to look into a book, nor could she contrive any method to introduce one, till she happily devised the scheme of reading to them herself for half an hour while they were drawing, by which no time was lost." In intellectual as in artistic pursuits the aim was display rather than thoroughness. To seem ignorant of those facts which a politely educated lady ought to know was as bad as to be unable to dance and play. Every self-respecting girl must stay in the schoolroom till she could repeat "the Roman Emperors as low as Severus, besides a great deal of the heathen mythology and all the metals and semi-metals, planets and distinguished philosophers." These young ladies were very proud of their stores of miscellaneous information, and duly looked down on their mothers, who had apparently not had the same advantages. So at least we learn from Miss Edgeworth, who has an unquestionable talent for portraying the "shocking example."

Still, in those Sandford and Merton days, when Tommy's misdeeds served as a foil to throw up Harry's virtues, we are bound to take the author's description of the bad boy and girl with

some grains of salt. No doubt there was a good deal of human nature about those *fin-de-siècle* girls of the eighteenth century, in spite of the foolish tendencies of the day, and they probably grew up into sensible though somewhat narrow-minded women, with convenient memories which enabled them to exaggerate all the good and minimize all the bad of their own youthful days. Let us not lay the flattering unction to our souls that we are the first to hold up our hands in horror at the degeneracy of our young people.

The seventeenth century too had its *fin-de-siècle*, and its satirist, John Oldham, to exclaim at the latter-day wickedness around him. Frivolity was the note of the age.

What wouldst thou say, great Harry,
couldst thou view
Thy gaudy, fluttering race of English
now?

he exclaims, forgetful apparently that great Harry in his young days had visited the Field of the Cloth of Gold in the most preposterous garb ever invented, and had not always been the type of steadiness and constancy. Nor are the other common-places wanting:—

To such indulgence are kind parents
grown
That nought costs less in breeding
than a son.
Nor is it hard to find a father now
Shall more upon a setting dog allow,
And with a freer hand reward the
care
Of training up his spaniel than his
heir.

We seem to have heard something like this as early as the days of Socrates, but perhaps this only proves that mankind is incorrigible.

Oldham discourses rather vaguely on "the vices of this guilty age." It was the fashion then as now to reserve the

severest censure for women, their dress, their frivolity, etc. One of them, Mary Astell, at last came forward as the champion of her sex. Like Hannah More, she sought the causes of their folly in the mistaken system of female education then in fashion "as though they were destined to folly and impertinence, to say no worse, and what is even more inhuman, they are blamed for that ill-conduct they are not suffered to avoid, and reprobated for those faults they are in a manner forced into." Probably she was right.

Most of these female critics, when bewalling the manners of their own times, have a good deal to say about their "grandmothers," the worthy ladies who always wore the right clothes, who were neither "fast" nor "slow," and possessed such tremendous capabilities of being shocked, that their very name serves to inspire all the terrors of Mrs. Grundy. These grandmothers had been young in the "good old times," A.D. *x*. Who shall solve that equation, and fix for us that perpetually vanishing unknown quantity? Hannah More's "grandmothers" were given, it seems, to domesticity and fancy work, and were not altogether to be envied, if it is true that they "wore out their joyless days in adorning the manor-house with hideous hangings of sorrowful tapestry and disfiguring tent-stitch." Miss Edgeworth makes no secret of her satisfaction that the needlework pictures of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba have at last been relegated to the garret. Both these ladies had too much sense not to realize that the general tendency of the world is towards progress, though they were anxious to add some impetus to the tardy movement. Mary Astell might well be pardoned for preferring the past to the present, because in her "good old times" it was the fashion to give the girls a good education without putting artificial barriers in

the way of their progress. In her own degenerate end of the century their chief occupation was the adornment of their "decaying carcasses." Doubtless she is right in the picture of her own times; we must prolong our search and roll back the page yet further if we hope to find the virtuous ladies of the olden time. How about the sixteenth century, the days of good Queen Bess? In her day surely women had not become "those little, useless and impertinent animals" of which Mary Astell speaks. Doubtless they did adorn their "decaying carcasses" with ruffs and hoops and other such gear, but at least there was no suspicion of "mannishness" about them, no signs of a "new woman." The English ladies of the later sixteenth century were an example to the nations. Yes, says the sour Puritan Stubbes, but an example of evil. Even their faces are not their own. "The women of Anglia used to color their faces with certaine oyles, liquors, unguents and waters made to that end, whereby they think their beauty is greatly decored." "Some of them lie in bed till nine or ten of the clock every morning, then being roused forth of their dennes, they are two or three hours in putting on their robes, which being done they go to dinner, where no delicates either of wines or meat are wanting." Nor is this extravagance and idleness confined to the upper classes. Even cottagers' daughters "will not spare to flaunt it out in suche gownes, petticoats and kirtles as these." It is useless to say that the parents should refuse them the money for such unseemly adornment, "for they are so impudent that, all be it their poore parents have but one cow, horse, or sheep, they will never let them rest till they be sold to maintain them in their braveness, past all tongue can tell." The young people in those days had their way in everything. No holding in check the sixteenth century "re-

volting daughter," though Stubbes points out that "this over great lenitie and remisse libertie in the education of youth" is "rather an extreme cruelty than a fatherly pitie of them towards their children." Even the "new woman" is not wanting in his picture :—

The women also there have dublets and jerkins as men have heer, buttoned up the brest, and made with wings, welts, and pinions on the shoulder points, as man's apparel is for all the world, and though this be a kind of attire appropriate onely to man, yet they blush not to wear it; and if they could as well change their sex, and put on the kinde of man, as they can wear apparel assigned onely to man, I think they would as surely become men indeed as now they degenerate from godly, sober women, in wearing this wanton, lewd kind of attire, proper onely to man.

They are but "hermaphroditi—that is, monsters of both kindes, half women, half men." What especially rouses his wrath is that women should appropriate the finery that was regarded as man's prerogative. Gascoigne says much the same in his "Steel Glas." "What should these be?" he asks, when his mirror reflects—

A stranger trope than any yet were
sene,
They be not men; for why? they have
no beards,
They be no boyes, which wear such
side long gowns,
They be no Gods, for al their gallant
glosse,
They be no divels, I trow, which seem
so saintish.
What be they? women? masking in
men's weedes?
With dutchkin dublets, and with jer-
kins jaggde?
With Spanish spangs, and ruffles set
out of France,
With high copt hattes, and fethers
flaunt a flaunt?

The satirists cannot forgive the wom-

en for wearing feathers and ruffs; such fine plumes are only the right of the male bird. No wonder this devotion to dress led to a degeneration in character. Stubbes, who, like W. L. Alden's immortal creation Jimmy Brown, is never at a loss for a harrowing anecdote to point his moral, tells a terrible story of the judgment of God shown upon a gentlewoman of Eprautna (Antwerp) on the 27th day of May, 1582. A rich merchant's daughter being invited to a wedding in that town began to make great preparation of garments. "For the accomplishment whereof she curled her haire, she died her lockes, and laied them out after the best manner, she colored her face with waters and ointments; but in no case could she gette any (so curious and daintie she was) that could starche and sette her ruffles and neckerchers to her mynde." At last she sent for a couple of laundresses, who did the best they could but failed to satisfy her. "Then fell she to sweare and teare, to curse and banne, castyng the ruffles under feete and wishyng that the devil might take her when she weare any of those neckerchers again." In the meantime, "through the sufferaunce of God" the devil appeared to her in the form of a handsome young man, who asked the cause of her trouble. And "as women can conceale no thyng that lieth upon their stomaches," she told him how she could not get her ruffs starched to her mind. Thereupon he undertook to starch them for her. and was of course successful. After which she naturally fell in love with him. "This dooen, the young man kissed her, in the doying whereof he writhe her neck in sunder, so she died miserably." But worse was to follow. When she was laid in the coffin four men tried to lift her, but in vain; then six tried, but could not stir it from the spot; at last they caused it to be opened. "Where thei founde the bodie to be taken

awale, and a blacke catte verie leane
and deformed sittung in the coffin set-
ting of greate ruffles and frizlyng of
haire, to the greate feare and wonder
of all the beholders."

Gascoigne, who, like Stubbes, thinks
badly of his own time, draws up a gen-
eral indictment of his age, and con-
cludes with a list of desired reforms,
for most of which we are still waiting.
He hopes for a millennium—

When Taylours steale no stufte from
gentlemen
* * * * *

When Cutlers leave to sel olde rustie
blades,
And hide no crackes with soder nor
decelt;

When Tinkers make no more holes
than they founde.
* * * * *

When Mercers make more bones to
swere and lye,

When Vintners mix no water with
their wine,

When Printers passe none errours in
their bookes.

but he did not live to see it, nor, it is
to be feared, shall we.

"Oh, farewell, former world," cries
poor Stubbes, with a sigh for the old
simple days when men were content to
live on "graine, corne, roots, pulse,
herbes, weeds and such other baggage,
and yet lived longer than we, and much
stronger than we in every respect."
How shall we doubt his word? He
saw that men were degenerating in
his day, as they have continued to do
since, and doubtless had been doing
long before his time. To fix the date
when the down-grade began would car-
ry us far indeed, since even the laugh-
ter-loving Horace could write:—

What has not cankering time made
worse?

Viler than grandsires, sires beget
Ourselves, yet baser, soon to curse
The world with offspring baser yet.

This was written shortly before the
year one, and carries the *fin-de-siecle*
degeneracy even beyond the Christian
era. Chronology will not permit us to
fix the date of Hesiod's lament over
the wickedness of his own age, still
less of the Trojan War, when, as Ho-
mer tells us, men could perform feats
impossible in his degenerate age. Be-
yond this we cannot trace the degen-
erates, "because we lack a sacred
bard," though, of course, we know that
man has been fast going down hill
since the Deluge. In those more dis-
tant ages it seems to have been the
grandfathers rather than the grand-
mothers who were the vanished mod-
els, equally shadowy and evasive, lead-
ing a blameless life in those good old
times, for which Plato's ideal world
can have been the only fitting home.

"It was not so in my young days,"
sighs many a matron, confusing the
point of view of twenty and fifty, and
casting over her own youth the glamor
of experience gained in her riper years.
It is to be hoped the "young person"
will take her at her word, and not seek
among the writings of thirty years ago
for the records of contemporary criti-
cism. Else she may learn to her dis-
may that the girl of those days was "a
creature who dyes her hair and paints
her face as the first article of her per-
sonal religion." Her false standard of
life leads to "the love of pleasure and
indifference to duty; to the desire of
money before either love or happiness
to uselessness at home, dissatisfaction
with the monotony of ordinary life,
horror of all useful work; in a word,
to the worst forms of luxury and sel-
fishness." Surely this is a picture cal-
culated to make the modern girl offer
up thanks that her generation is better
than the one that preceded it. The
"Frisky Mother" of the "Girl of the
Period" removes even the possible
faith in the grandmother age; hope
must lie in the future and not in the

past if those grim pictures of the Saturday Review reflect the life. At least they may save us from one error. With such a record in black and white, nothing but an overdose of Lethe will induce the matron of to-day to boast of

Temple Bar.

the virtue and simplicity that prevailed when she was young. We at least may be permitted to reverse our canvas, and seek the Golden Age, not behind, but before us. Shall we say in 2000?

THE YEAR'S BEGINNING.

The months run on, and here
Begins another year,
Before we well have tasted
This last year we so wasted.

Think of the hours we lost
Of January frost,
Indoors like wainscot mice,
When o'er the ringing ice
The skates struck out in time,
Waking a hollow chime.
We might have watched the sky
Redden, the redness die,
And stars cut coldly through
The clear night's magic blue;
We might have had—we lost
Those fleeting hours of frost.

Think of that March day, too!
Do you forget the blue
Dim haze we saw between
The boughs that dreamed of green?
We left it all half-seen.
O all the joys of spring
And earth's awakening!
We never saw the tithe
Of all her pageant blithe;
We turned and went away
To eat, or sleep, or pray,
And missed some undreamed sight
Meant for a life's delight;
Something that might have been
A memory serene,
For age to ponder on,
When other joys are gone,

Summer's full-hearted gift
We spent with little thrift;

The broad and blessed sun,
Green shade of leaves, each one
Made lovely, veined with light,
The blossoms, infinite
In color, shape and scent,
That each day came and went,
The young grass, smelling sweet,
We crushed beneath our feet;
We looked and loved—and then
Turned to our books again.

But once of summer still
We drank, we drank our fill;
Heard on the purple fells
Bees in the heather-bells;
Heard in a daylight dream
The gurgling of a stream
Deep-hidden, far below,
Blinded and spellbound so
By the great noon, we lay
Upon the fells that day.
Of all the summer gave
That day at least we save.

Autumn, all red and gold,
Bitter, shaken and cold,
Pass on without regret.
Gladly we would forget
Thy death-song year by year,
Thy melancholy, sere
And hectic flush of death.
Thy dank and earthly breath
Strikes chilly on my heart.
And must it all depart,
The fulness and the glow?
Ah, let us bear it so,
Since autumn comes, and all
We love must fade and fall,—
Let us a storehouse make
Wherein no thief can break;
A deep and still delight
Of lovely sound and sight;
A treasury of peace
Where beauty may increase,
And something of the balm
Of earth's abiding calm
May sooth us to sustain
The inevitable pain.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE-LETTERS.

LETTER XXIII.

Saving your presence, dearest, I would rather have Prince Otto, a very lovable character for second affections to cling to. Richard Feverel would never marry again, so I don't ask for him; as for the rest, they are all too excellent for me. They give me the impression of having worn copy-books under their coats, when they were boys, to cheat punishment; and the copy-books got beaten into their systems.

You must find me somebody who was a "gallous young hound" in the days of his youth—Crossjay for instance;—there! I have found the very man for me!

But really and truly, are you better? It will not hurt your foot to come to me since I am not to come to you? How I long to see you again, dearest; it is an age! As a matter of fact, it is a fortnight; but I dread lest you will find some change in me. I have kept a real white hair to show you. I drew it out of my comb the other morning; wound up into a curl it becomes quite visible, and it is ivory-white; you are not to think it flaxen, and take away its one wee sentiment! And I make you an offer:—you shall have it if, honestly, you can find in your own head a white one to exchange.

Dearest, I am not *hurt*, nor do I take seriously to heart your mother's present coldness. How much more I could forgive her when I put myself in her place! She may well feel a struggle and some resentment at having to give up in any degree her place with you. All my selushness would come to the front if that were demanded of me.

Do not think, because I leave her

alone, that I am repaying her coldness in the same coin. I know that for the present anything I do must offend. Have I demanded your coming too soon? Then stay away another day—or two; every day only piles up the joy it will be to have your arms round me once more. I can keep for a little longer; and the gray hair will keep, and many to-morrows will come bringing good things for us, when perhaps your mother's "share of the world" will be over.

Don't say it, but when you next kiss her, kiss her for me also; I am sorry for all old people; their love of things they are losing is so far more to be revered and made room for than ours of the things which will come to us in good time abundantly.

To-night I feel selfish at having too much of your love; and not a bit of it can I let go! I hope, Beloved, we shall live to see each other's gray hairs in earnest; gray hairs that we shall not laugh at, as at this one I pulled. How dark your dear eyes will look with a white setting! My heart's heart, every day you grow larger round me, and I so much stronger depending upon you!

I won't say—come for certain to-morrow; but come if, and as soon as, you can. I seem to see a mile further when I am on the look-out for you; and I shall be long-sighted every day until you come. It is only *doubtful* hope deferred which maketh the heart sick. I am as happy as the day is long waiting for you; but the day *is* long, dearest, none the less when I don't see you.

All this space on the page below is love. I have no time left to put it into words, or words into it. You bless my thoughts constantly.—Believe me, never your thoughtless.

LETTER XXIV.

Dearest:—How, when and where is there any use wrangling as to which of us loves the other the best ("the better," I believe, would be the more grammatical phrase in incompetent Queen's English), and why in that of all things should we pretend to be rivals? For this at least seems certain to me, that, being created male and female, no two lovers since the world began ever loved each other quite in the *same* way; it is not in nature for it to be so. They cannot compare; only to the best that is in them they *do* love each after their kind—as do we for certain!

Be sure, then, that I am utterly contented with what I get (and you, Beloved, and you?); nay, I wonder forever at the love you have given me; and if I will to lay mine at your feet, and feel yours crowning my life—why, so it is, you know; you cannot alter it! And if you insist that your love is at *my* feet, I have only to turn Irish and reply that it is because I am heels over head in love with you;—and, mark you, that is no pretty attitude for a lady that you have driven me into in order that I may stick to my "crown"!

Go to, dearest! There is one thing in which I can beat you, and that is in the bandying of words and all verbal conjurings; take this as the last proof of it and rest quiet. I know you love me a great, great deal more than I have wit or power to love you; and that is just the little reason why your love mounts till, as I tell you, it crowns me (head or heels); while mine, insufficient and grovelling, lies at your feet and will till they become amputated. And I can give you, but won't, sixty other reasons why things are as I say, and are to be left as I say. And oh, my world, my world, it is with you I go round sunwards, and you make my evenings and mornings, and will, till Time shuts

his wings over us! And now it is doleful business I have to write to you. . .

I have dropped to sleep over all this writing of things, and my cheek down on the page has made the paper unwilling to take the ink again;—what a pretty compliment to me; and, if you prefer it, what an easy way of writing to you! I can send you such any day and be as idle as I like. And you will decide about all the above exactly as you and I think best (or should it be "better" again, being only between us two?). When you get this, blow your beloved self a kiss in the glass for me—a great big shattering blow that shall astonish Mercury behind his window-pane. Good-night, my best—or "better," for that is what I most want you to be.

LETTER XXV.

My own Beloved:—And I never thanked you yesterday for your dear words about the resurrection pie; that comes of quarrelling! Well, you must prove them and come quickly that I may see this restoration of health and spirits that you assure me of. You avoid saying that they sent you to sleep; but I suppose that is what you mean.

Fate meant me only to light upon gay things this morning; listen to this and guess where it comes from:—

"When March with variant winds was
past,
And April had with her silver show-
ers
Ta'en leif at life with an orient blast;
And lusty May, that mother of flow-
ers,
Had made the birds to begin their
hours,
Among the odors ruddy and white,
Whose harmony was the ear's delight;
In bed at morrow I sleeping lay;
Methought Aurora, with crystal een,
In at the window looked by day,
And gave me her visage pale and
green;

And on her hand sang a lark from the spleen,
 'Awake ye lovers from slumbering!
 See how the lusty morrow doth
 spring!"

Ah, but you are no scholar of the things in your own tongue! That is Dunbar, a Scots poet contemporary of Henry VII, just a little bit altered by me to make him soundable to your ears. If I had not had to leave an archaic word here and there, would you ever have guessed he lay outside this century? That shows the permanent element in all good poetry, and in all good joy in things also. In the four centuries since that was written we have only succeeded in worsening the meaning of certain words, as for instance "spleen," which now means irritation and vexation, but stood then for quite the opposite—what we should call, I suppose, "a full heart." It is what I am always saying—a good digestion is the root of nearly all the good living and high thinking we are capable of; and the spleen was then the root of the happy emotions as it is now of the miserable ones. Your pre-Reformation lark sang from "a full stomach," and thanked God it had a constitution to carry it off without affectation; and your nineteenth century lark, applying the same code of life, his plain-song is mere happy everyday prose, and not poetry at all as we try to make it out to be.

I have no news for you at all of any one; all inside the house is a simmer of peace and quiet, with blinds drawn down against the heat the whole day long. No callers; and as for me, I never call elsewhere. The gossips about here eke out a precarious existence by washing each other's dirty linen in public; and the process never seems to result in any satisfactory cleansing.

I avoid saying what news I trust to-morrow's post-bag may contain for me.

Every wish I send you comes "from the spleen," which means I am very healthy, and, conditionally, as happy as is good for me. Pray God bless my dear Share of the world, and make him get well for his own and my sake! Amen.

This catches the noon post, an event which always shows I am jubilant, with a lot of the opposite to a "little death" feeling running over my nerves. I feel the grass growing *under* me; the reverse of poor Keats's complaint. Good-bye, Beloved, till I find my way into the provender of to-morrow's post-bag.

LETTER XXVI.

Oh, wings of the morning, here you come! I have been looking out for you ever since post came. Roberts is carrying orders into town, and will bring you this with a touch of the hat and an amused grin under it. I saw you right on the top Sallis Hill; this is to wager that my eyes have told me correctly. Look out for me from far away, I am at my corner window; wave to me! Dearest, this is to kiss you before I can.

LETTER XXVII.

Dearest:—I have made a bad beginning of the week; I wonder how it will end? it all comes of my not seeing enough of you. Time hangs heavy on my hands, and the Devil finds me the mischief!

I prevailed upon myself to go on Sunday and listen to our new lately appointed vicar, for I thought it not fair to condemn him on the strength of Mrs. P—'s terrible reporting powers and her sensuous worship of his full-blown flowers of speech—"pulpit-pot-plants" is what I call them.

It was all not worse and not otherwise than I had expected. I find there

are only two kinds of clerics as generally necessary to salvation in a country parish—one leads his parishioners to the altar and the other to the pulpit; and the latter is vastly the more popular among the articulate and gad-about members of his flock. This one sways himself over the edge of his frame, making signals of distress in all directions, and with that and his windy flights of oratory suggests twenty minutes in a balloon-car, till he comes down to earth at the finish with the Doxology for a parachute. His shepherd's crook is one long note of interrogation, with which he tries to hook down the heavens to the understanding of his hearers, and his hearers up to an understanding of himself. All his arguments are put interrogatively and few of them are worth answering. Well, well, I shall be all the freer for your visit when you come next Sunday, and any Sunday after that you will; and he shall come in to tea if you like and talk to you in quite a cultured and agreeable manner, as he can when his favorite beverage is before him.

I discover that I get "the snaps" on a Monday morning, if I get them at all. The M.A. gets them on the Sunday itself, softly but regularly; they distress no one, and we all know the cause; her fingers are itching for the knitting which she mayn't do. Your protestant ignores Lent as a popish device, a fond thing vainly invented; but spreads it instead over fifty-two days in the year. Why, I want to know, cannot I change the subject?

Sunday we get no post (and no collection except in church) unless we send down to the town for it, so Monday is all the more welcome; but this I have been up and writing before it arrives—therefore the "snaps."

Our postman is a lovely sight. I watched him walking up the drive the other morning, and he seemed quite perfection, for I guessed he was bring-

ing me the thing which would make me happy all day. I only hope the Government pays him properly.

I think this is the least pleasant letter I have ever sent you; shall I tell you why? It was not the sermon; he is quite a forgivable good man in his way. But in the afternoon that same Mrs. P— came, got me in a corner and wanted to unburden herself of invective against your mother, believing that I should be glad, because her coldness to me has become known! What mean things some people can think about one! I heard nothing; but I am ruffled in all my plumage and want stroking. And my love to your mother, if she will have it. It is only through her that I get you.—Ever your very own.

LETTER XXVIII.

Dearest:—Here comes a letter to you from me flying in the opposite direction. I won't say I am not wishing to go; but oh, to be a bird in two places at once! Give this letter, then, a special nesting-place, because I am so much on the wing elsewhere.

I shut my eyes most of the time through France, and opened them on a soup-tureen full of coffee, which presented itself at the frontier; and then realized that only a little way ahead lay Berne, with baths, buns, bears, breakfast, and other nice things beginning with B waiting to make us clean, comfortable, contented, and other nice things beginning with C.

Through France I loved you sleepy fashion, with many dreams in between not all about you. But now I am breathing thoughts of you out of a new atmosphere—a great gulp of you, all clean-living and high-thinking between these Alpine royal highnesses with snow-white crowns to their heads; and no time for a word more about anything except you; you, and double-you

—and treble-you, if the alphabet only had grace to contain so beautiful a symbol! Good-bye; we meet next, perhaps, out of Lucerne; if not—Italy.

What a lot I have to go through before we meet again visibly! You will find me world-worn, my Beloved! Write often.

LETTER XXIX.

Beloved:—You know of the method for making a cat settle down in a strange place by buttering her all over; the theory being that by the time she has polished off the butter she feels herself at home? My morning's work has been the buttering of the Mother-Aunt with such things as will Lucerne her the most. When her instincts are appeased, I am the more free to indulge my own.

So after breakfast we went round the cloisters, very thick set with tablets and family vaults, and crowded graves enclosed. It proved quite "the best butter." To me the penance turned out to be interesting after a period of natural repulsion. A most unpleasant addition to sepulchral sentiment is here the fashion; photographs of the departed set into the stone. You see an elegant and genteel marble cross; there on the pedestal above the name is the photo;—a smug man with bourgeois whiskers—a militiaman with waxed moustaches well turned up—a woman well attired and conscious of it; you cannot think how indecent looked the pretension of such types to the dignity of death and immortality.

But just one or two faces stood the test, and were justified: a young man oppressed with the burden of youth; a sweet, toothless grandmother in a bonnet, wearing old age like a flower; a woman not beautiful but for her neck which carried indignation; her face had a thwarted look. "Dead and rotten" one did not say of these in disgust and involuntarily, as one did of

the others. And yet I don't suppose the eye picks out the faces that kindled most kindness round them when living, or that one can see well at all where one sees without sympathy. I think the Mother-Aunt's face would not look dear to most people as it does to me—yet my sight of her is the truer; only I would not put it up on a tombstone in order that it might look nothing to those that pass by.

I wrote this much, and then, leaving the M.A. to glory in her innumerable correspondence, Arthur and I went off to the lake, where we have been for about seven hours. On it, I found it become infinitely more beautiful, for everything was mystified by a lovely bloomy haze, out of which the white peaks floated like dreams; and the mountains change and change, and seem not all the same as going when returning. Don't ask me to write landscape to you; one breathes it in, and it is there ever after, but remains unset to words.

The T—s whittle themselves out of our company just to the right amount; come back at the right time (which is more than Arthur and I are likely to do when our legs get on the spin), and are duly welcome with a diversity of doings to talk about. Their tastes are more the M.A.'s, and their activities about half-way between hers and ours, and so we make rather a fortunate quintette. The M— trio join us the day after to-morrow, when the majority of us will head away at once to Florence. Arthur growls and threatens he means to be left behind for a week; and it suits the funny little jealousy of the M.A. well enough to see us parted for a time, quite apart from the fact that I shall then be more dependent on her company. She will then glory in overworking herself—say it is me; and I shall feel a fiend. No letter at all, dearest, this; merely talky-talky. —Yours without words.

LETTER XXX.

Dearest.—I cannot say I have seen Pisa, for the majority had their way, and we simply skipped into it, got ourselves bumped down at the Duomo and Campo Santo for two hours, fell exhausted to bed, and skipped out again by the first train next morning. Over the walls of the Campo Santo are some divine crumbs of Benozzo Gozzoli (don't expect me ever to spell the names of dead painters correctly; it is a politeness one owes to the living, but the famous dead are exalted by being spelt phonetically as the heart dictates, and become all the better company for that greatest of unspelt and spread-about names—Shakspere, Shakspeare, Shakespeare—his mark, not himself). Such a long parenthesis requires stepping-stones to carry you over it; "crumbs" was the last (wasn't a whole loaf of bread a stepping-stone in one of Andersen's fairy-tales?); but, indeed, I hadn't time to digest them properly. Let me come back to them before I die, and bury me in that enclosure if you love me as much then as I think you do now.

The Baptistry has a roof of echoes that is wonderful—a mirror of sound hung over the head of an official who opens his mouth for centimes to drop there. You sing notes up into it (or rather you don't, for that is his perquisite), and they fly circling, and flock, and become a single chord stretching two octaves; till you feel that you are living inside what in the days of our youth would have been called "the sound of a grand Amen."

The cathedral has fine points, or more than points—aspects; but the Italian version of Gothic, with its bands of flat marbles instead of mouldings, was a shock to me at first. I only begin to understand it now that I have seen the outside of the Duomo at Florence. Curiously enough, it

doesn't strike me as in the least Christian, only civic and splendid, reminding me of what Ruskin says about church architecture being really a dependent on the feudal or domestic. The Strozzi Palace is a beautiful piece of street-architecture; its effect is of an iron hand which gives you a buffet in the face when you look up and wonder—how shall I climb in? I will tell you more about insides when I write next.

I fear my last letter to you from Lucerne may either have strayed, or not even have begun straying; for in the hurry of coming away I left it, addressed, I *think*, but unstamped; and I am not sure that that particular hotel will be Christian enough to spare the postage out of the bill, which had a galaxy of small extras running into centimes, and suggesting a red-tape rectitude that would not show blind 25-centime gratitude to the backs of departed guests. So be patient and forgiving if I seem to have written little. I found two of yours waiting for me, and cannot choose between them which I find most dear. I will say, for a fancy, the shorter, that you may ever be encouraged to write your shortest rather than none at all. One word from you gives me almost as much pleasure as twenty, for it contains all your sincerity and truth; and what more do I want? You bless me quite. How many perfectly happy days I owe to you, and seldom dare dream that I have made any beginning of a return! If I could take one unhappy day out of your life, dearest, the secret would be mine, and no such thing should be left in it. Be happy, beloved! oh, happy, happy—with me for a partial reason—that is what I wish!

LETTER XXXI.

Dearest.—The Italian paper-money paralyzes my brain; I cannot calculate in it; and were I left to myself an un-

scrupulous shopman could empty me of pounds without my becoming conscious of it till I beheld vacuum. But the T—s have been wonderful caretakers to me; and to-morrow Arthur rejoins us, so that I shall be able to resume my full activities under his safe-conduct.

The ways of the Italian cabbies and porters fill me with terror for the time when I may have to fall alive and unassisted into their hands; they have neither conscience nor gratitude, and regard thievish demands when satisfied merely as stepping-stones to higher things.

Many of the outsides of Florence I seemed to know by heart—the Palazzo Vecchio for instance. But close by it Cellini's two statues, the Judith and the Perseus, brought my heart up to my mouth unexpectedly. The Perseus is so out of proportion as to be ludicrous from one point of view; but another is magnificent enough to make me forgive the scamp his autobiography from now to the day of judgment (when we shall all begin forgiving each other in great haste, I suppose, for the fear of the devil taking the hindmost!), and I registered a vow on the spot to that effect;—so no more of him here, henceforth, but good!

There is not so much color about as I had expected; and austerity rather than richness is the note of most of the exteriors.

I have not been allowed into the Uffizi yet, so to-day consoled myself with the Pitti. Titian's "Duke of Norfolk" is there, and I loved him, seeing a certain likeness there to somebody whom I—like. A photo of him will be coming to you. Also there is a very fine Lely-Vandyck of Charles I and Henrietta Maria, a quite moral painting, making a triumphant assertion of that martyr's bad character. I imagine he got into Heaven through having his head cut off and cast from him; other-

wise all of him would have perished along with his mouth.

Somewhere too high up was hanging a ravishing Botticelli—a Madonna and Child bending over like a wind-blown tree to be kissed by St. John;—a composition that takes you up in its arms and rocks you as you look at it. Andrea del Sarto is to me only a big mediocrity; there is nothing here to touch his chortling child-Christ in our National Gallery.

At Pisa I slept in a mosquito-net, and felt like a bride at the altar under a tulle veil which was too large for her. Here for lack of that luxury, being assured that there were no mosquitoes to be had, I have been sadly ravaged. The creatures pick out all foreigners, I think, and only when they have exhausted the supply do they pass on to the natives. Mrs. T— left one foot unveiled when in Pisa, and only this morning did the irritation in the part bitten begin to come out.

I can now ask for a bath in Italian, and order the necessary things for myself in the hotel; also say "come in" and "thank you." But just the few days of that very German *table d'hôte* at Lucerne, where I talked gladly to polish myself up, have given my tongue a hybrid way of talking without thinking; and I say "*ja, ja,*" and "*nein,*" and "*der die, das,*" as often as not before such Italian nouns as I have yet captured. To fall upon a chambermaid who knows French is like coming upon my native tongue suddenly.

Give me good news of your foot and all that is above it; I am so doubtful of its being really strong yet; and its willing spirits will overcome it some day and do it an injury, and hurt my feelings dreadfully at the same time.

Walk only on one leg whenever you think of me! I tell you truly I am wonderfully little lonely; and yet my thoughts are constantly away with

you, wishing, wishing—what no word on paper can ever carry to you. It shall be at our next meeting!—All yours.

LETTER XXXII.

My Dearest:—Florence is still eating up all my time and energies; I promised you there should be austerity and self-denial in the matter of letter-writing; and I know you are unselfish enough to expect even less than I send you.

Girls in the street address compliments to Arthur's complexion:—"beautiful brown boy" they call him; and he simmers over with vanity, and wishes he could show them his boating arms, brown up to the shoulder, as well. Have you noticed that combination in some of the dearest specimens of young English manhood—great physical vanity and great mental modesty? and each as transparently sincere as the other.

The Bargello is an ideal museum for the storage of the best things out of the Middle Ages. It opens out of splendid courtyards and staircases, and ranges through rooms which have quite a feudal gloom about them; most of these are hung with bad late tapestries (too late at least for my taste), so that the gloom is welcome and charming, making even "Gobelins" quite bearable. I find quite a new man here to admire—Pollaiuolo, both painter and sculptor, one of the school of "passionate anatomists," as I call them, about the time of Botticelli, I fancy. He has one bust of a young Florentine which equals Verocchio on the same ground, and charms me even more. Some of his subjects are done twice over, in paint and bronze; but he is more really a sculptor, I think, and merely paints his piece into a picture from its best point of view.

Verocchio's idea of David is charming; he is a saucy fellow who has gone

in for it for the fun of the thing—knew he could bring down a hawk with his catapult, and therefore why not a Goliath also? If he failed, he need but cut and run, and everybody would laugh and call him plucky for doing even that much. So he does it, brings down his big game by good luck, and stands posing with a sort of irresistible stateliness to suit the result. He has a laugh something like "little Dick's," only more full of bubbles, and is saying to himself, "What a hero they all think me!" He is the merriest of sly-dog hypocrites, and has thin, wiry arms and a crane-neck. He is a bit like Tom Sawyer in character, more ornate and dramatic than Huckleberry Finn, but quite as much a liar, given a good cause.

Another thing that has seized me, more for its idea than actual carrying out, is an unnamed terra-cotta Madonna and Child. He is crushing himself up against her neck, open-mouthed and terrified, and she spreading long fingers all over his head and face. My notion of it is that it is the Godhead taking his first look at life from the human point of view; and he realizes himself "caught in his own trap," discovering it to be ever so much worse than it had seemed from an outside view. It is a fine modern *zeit-geist* piece of declamation to come out of the rather over-sweet della Robbia period of art.

There seems to have been a rage at one period for commissioning statues of David; so Donatello and others just turned to and did what they liked most in the way of budding youth, stuck a Goliath's head at its feet, and called it "David." Verocchio is the exception.

We are going to get outside Florence for a week or ten days; it is too hot to be borne at night after a day of tiring activity. So we go to the D—s' villa, which they offered us in their absence; it lies about four miles out, and is on

much higher ground; address only your very immediately next letter there, or it may miss me.

There are hills out there with vineyards among them which draw me into wishing to be away from towns altogether. Much as I love what is to be found in this one, I think Heaven meant me to be "truly rural;" which all falls in, dearest, with what I mean to be! Beloved, how little I sometimes can say to you! Sometimes my heart can put only silence into the end of a letter; and with that I let this one go.—Yours, and so lovingly.

LETTER XXXIII.

Beloved:—I had your last letter on Friday; all your letters have come in their right numbers. I have lost count of mine; but I think seven and two postcards is the total, which is the same as the numbers of clean and unclean beasts proportionately represented in the ark.

Up here we are out of the deadliness of the heat, and are thankful for it. Vineyards and olives brush the eyes between the hard upright bars of the cypresses; and Florence below is like a hot bath which we dip into to come out again. At the Ricardi chapel I found Benozzo Gozzoli, not in crumbs, but perfectly preserved; a procession of early Florentine youths, turning into angels when they get to the bay of the window where the altar once stood. The more I see of them, the greater these early men seem to me; I shall be afraid to go to Venice soon; Titian will only half satisfy me, and Tintoretto, I know, will be actively annoying; I shall stay in my gondola, as your American lady did on her donkey after riding twenty miles to visit the ruins of—Carnac, was it not? It is well to have the courage of one's likings and dislikings, that is the only true culture (the state obtained by use

of a "coulter" or cutter)—I cut many things severely which, no doubt, are good for other people.

Botticelli I was shy of, because of the craze about him among people who know nothing; he is far more wonderful than I had hoped, both at the Uffizi and the Academia; but he is quite pagan; I don't know why I say "but;" he is quite typical of the world's art-training; Christianity may get hold of the names and dictate the subjects, but the artist-breed carries a fairly level head through it all, and, like Pater's *Mona Lisa*, draws Christianity and Paganism into one; at least, wherever it reaches perfect expression it has done so. Some of the distinctly primitives are different; their works enclose a charm which is not artistic. Fra Angelico, after being a great disappointment to me in some of his large set pictures in the Academia and elsewhere, shows himself lovely in fresco (though I think the "crumb" element helps him). His great Crucifixion is big altogether, and has so permanent a force in its aloofness from mere drama and mere life. In San Marco, the cells of the monks are quite charming, a row of little square bandboxes under a broad rafted corridor, and in every cell is a beautiful little fresco for the monks to live up to. But they no longer live there now; all that part of San Marco has become a peep-show.

I like being in Savonarola's room, and was more susceptible to the remains of his presence than I have been to Michel Angelo or any one else's. Michel Angelo I feel most when he has left a thing unfinished; then one can put one's finger into the print of the chisel, and believe anything of the beauty that might have come out of the great stone chrysalis lying cased and rough, waiting to be raised up to life.

Yesterday Arthur and I walked from here to Fiesole, which we had neglect-

ed while in Florence—six miles going, and more like twelve coming back, all because of Arthur's absurd cross-country instinct, which, after hours of river-bends, bare mountain tracts and tottering precipices, brought us out again half a mile nearer Florence than when we started.

At Fiesole is the only church about here whose interior architecture I have greatly admired, austere but at the same time gracious—like a Madonna of the best period of painting. We also went to look at the Roman baths and theatre; the theatre is charming enough, because it is still there; but for the baths—oblongs of stone don't interest me just because they are old. All stone is old; and these didn't even hold water to give one the real look of the thing. Too tired, and ever more too lazy, to write other things, except love, most dear Beloved.

LETTER XXXIV.

Dearest:—We were to have gone down with the rest into Florence yesterday; but soft miles of Italy gleamed too invitingly away on our right, and I saw Arthur's eyes hungry with the same far-away wish. So I said "Prato," and he ran up to the *fattore's* and secured a wondrous shandry-dan with just space enough between its horns to toss the two of us in the direction where we would go. Its gaunt framework was painted of a bright red, and our feet had only netting to rest on; so constructed, the creature was most vital and light of limb, taking every rut on the road with flea-like agility. Oh, but it was worth it!

We had a drive of fourteen miles through hills and villages, and castellated villas with gardens shut in by formidably high walls—always a charm; a garden should always have something of the jealous seclusion of a harem. I am getting Italian landscape

into my system, and enjoy it more and more.

Prato is a little cathedral town, very like the narrow and tumble-down parts of Florence, only more so. The streets were a seething cauldron of cattle-market when we entered, which made us feel like a tea-cup in a bull-ring (or is it thunderstorm?) as we drove through needle's-eye ways bristling with agitated horns.

The cathedral is little and good; damaged, of course, wherever the last three centuries have laid hands on it. At the corner of the west front is an out-door pulpit beautifully put on with a mushroom hood over its head. The main lines of the interior are finely severe, either quite round or quite flat, and proportions good always. An upholstered priest coming out to say mass is generally a sickening sight, so wicked and ugly in look and costume. The best-behaved people are the low-down beggars, who are most decoratively devotional.

We tried to model our exit on a brig-and-beggar, who came in to ask permission to murder one of his enemies. He got his request granted at one of the side-altars (some strictly local Madonna, I imagine), and his gratitude as he departed was quite touching. Having studiously copied his exit, we want to know whom we shall murder to pay ourselves for our trouble.

It amuses me to have my share of driving over these free and easy and very narrow highroads. But A. has to do the collision-shouting and the cries of "Via!"—the horse only smiles when he hears me do it.

Also did I tell you that on Saturday we two walked from here over to Fiesole—six miles there and ten back for why?—because we chose to go what Arthur calls "a bee-line across country," having thought we had sighted a route from the top of Fiesole. But in the valley we lost it, and after break-

ing our necks over precipices and our hearts down cul-de-sacs that led nowhere, and losing all the ways that were pointed out to us, for lack of a knowledge of the language, we came out again into view of Florence about half a mile nearer than when we started and proportionately far away from home. When he had got me thoroughly foot-sore, Arthur remarked complacently, "The right way to see a country is to lose yourself in it!" I didn't feel the truth of it then; but applied to other things I perceive its wisdom. Dear heart, where I have lost myself, what in all the world do I know so well as you?

Your most lost and loving.

LETTER XXXV.

Beloved:—Rain swooped down on us from on high during the night, and the country is cut into islands; the river from a rocky wriggling stream has risen in a tawny, opaque torrent that roars with a voice a mile long and is become quite unfordable. The little mill-stream just below has broken its banks and poured itself away over the lower vineyards into the river; a lot of the vines look sadly upset, generally unhinged and unstrung, yet I am told the damage is really small. I hope so, for I enjoyed a real lash-out of weather after the changelessness of the long heat.

I have been down in Florence beginning to make my farewells to the many things I have seen too little of. We start away for Venice about the end of the week. At the Uffizi I seem to have found out all my future favorites the first day, and very little new has come to me; but most of them go on grow-

ing. The Raphael lady is quite wonderful; I think she was in love with him and her soul went into the painting though he himself did not care for her; and she looks at you and says, "See a miracle; he was able to paint this, and never knew that I loved him!" It is wonderful that; but I suppose it can be done—a soul pass into a work and haunt it without its creator knowing anything about how it came there. Always when I come across anything like that which has something inner and rather mysterious, I tremble and want to get back to you. You are the touchstone by which I must test everything that is a little new and unfamiliar.

From now onwards, dearest, you must expect only cards for a time; it is not settled yet whether we stop at Padua on our way in or our way out. I am clamoring for Verona also; but that will be off our route, so Arthur and I may go there alone for a couple of greedy days, which I fear will only leave me dissatisfied and wishing I had had patience to depend on coming again—perhaps with you!

Uncle N. has written of your numerous visits to him, and I understand you have been very good in his direction. He does not speak of loneliness; and with Anna and her brood next week or now, he will be as happy as his temperament allows him to be when he has nothing to worry over.

I am proud to say I have gone brown without freckles. And are you really as cheerful as you write yourself to be? Dearest and best, when is your holiday to begin; and is it to be with me? Does anywhere on earth hold that happiness for us both in the near future? I kiss you well, Beloved.

(To be continued.)

THE OUTLOOK IN SPAIN.

The history of Spain is a continuous romance. Every chapter has been rich hitherto in some picturesque element, too often sombre, seldom the expected. There are still alive in the Peninsula hundreds of men born under the checkered despotism of Ferdinand VII. When they were children the army of the first Don Carlos was at the gates of Madrid. Twice later they might have fought under the Carlist standard. Again and again they could have taken up arms in a revolutionary movement. They have heard five Monarchical Constitutions proclaimed. They have seen the flight of one Queen Regent, the deposition of a Queen, the bickerings of a provisional Junta, the coronation of a King elected from the family of Savoy and his abdication, a Republic, a *coup d'état*, the restoration of the Bourbon princes in the person of Alfonso XII, a second Cristina Queen-Regent, ruling on behalf of a child-king, who will attain this year his legal majority. They may still hope or fear, not unreasonably, to witness still another Constitutional crisis. It is only the century just concluded that has determined the ruin of their nation's Colonial Empire, has recorded the sale of Florida, the independence of Chili and Columbia and of Peru and Mexico, the crowning loss of Cuba and the Philippines, and the cession of the Caroline Islands. "Whoever," wrote Lord Macaulay, "wishes to be well acquainted with the morbid anatomy of Governments, whoever wishes to know how great states may be made feeble and wretched, should study the history of Spain." Then, after a brilliant survey of the mighty empire of Philip II—her irresistible army, her maritime pulsance, her abundant commerce and

apparently inexhaustible wealth, her eminence in literature, her supremacy in art, her enterprising and valiant people—the Whig historian, turning to glance at the later fortunes of the kingdom, summed up in a sentence the lesson of her decline: "All the causes of the decay of Spain resolve themselves into one cause—bad government."

In its process decay is as gradual as regeneration, only the revelation of it is instantaneous. On a sudden the catastrophe betrays the ravages of the disease. To ascribe the decadence of a nation wholly to bad government will strike a modern student as a glittering generality; he will confront the one dictum by another—a people get the government they deserve. Yet a generalization that has in it any truth, as a rule will contain the truth in far greater measure than the timid and balanced results of laborious diagnosis. Study, indeed, may reveal to us those contributing causes that rendered the task of misgovernment fatally easy. Only on the map does Spain present the image of a compact and united kingdom. In reality the Peninsula contains a congeries of peoples, diverse in racial origin, in character and pursuits, still speaking different languages, with distinct historical traditions. The very splendor of Spain in the sixteenth century contributed to her perdition. While, octopus-like, she embraced a hundred rich prizes, her core became mortified with debility. Above all, the wave of the Reformation spent its force at the northern foot of the Pyrenees; its educational and political impetus was reversed within the Peninsula by the terrors of the Inquisition. To balance the sins of rulers against

the infirmities of their subjects, to measure their respective contributions to the misfortunes of a nation, is the most fascinating—perhaps because the least satisfying—of the labors of a historian. Nevertheless, however greatly factors of race and tradition may have rendered the task of welding into one people the inhabitants of the Peninsula and of their government difficult, however materially the later magnificence of their Empire may have enfeebled their determination, or exclusion from the blessings of the Reformation retarded their enlightenment, it is true of Spain as of no other country, that the causes of her decay “resolve themselves into one cause—bad government.” She has developed from disappointment to disappointment. Again and again the enthusiasm and blood of her people have been lavished upon some attempt to overthrow a tyranny or to liberate the nation from some corrupt thralldom. Not seldom she has welcomed solemn guarantees of Constitutional liberties and administrative purity—to learn how the hour of promise is succeeded by years of non-fulfilment, patriot by politician, the reformer by the parasite. Where the people have trusted they have been betrayed, and the commonalty, who has everything to suffer and nothing to gain from a system of dishonest and unequal administration, has had continuously to submit to be defrauded and overreached by the “caciques” of Madrid. It endures, however, with its eyes open. It extends neither confidence nor admiration to its rulers. Only, perceiving that the reforms which it demands and the justice which it applauds as a body are constantly invalidated by the action of the individual, it has grown suspicious of the profit of revolution.

For the unusual space of some sixteen years the internal politics of Spain have been disturbed by no nota-

ble convulsion. There were not lacking prophets who foretold that the assassination of Canovas and the catastrophe of the American War would not pass without trouble. Telegrams to the English Press magnified the Carlist manifestations of last October into a movement of importance. This “Carlist rebellion,” however, was nothing more than an unscrupulous Bourse manoeuvre of some Barcelonese financiers, repudiated by Don Carlos, and esteemed significant only outside the confines of Spain. The bankers who engineered the scare were not disappointed; values were depressed, the rate of foreign exchange was temporarily elevated. They increased their capital at the expense of their country’s credit, the shooting of one peasant and some days’ imprisonment for others, themselves secure in the knowledge that for an opulent Spaniard there is neither exposure nor punishment, that judges and officials are not expected to restrain, but to enrich themselves by facilitating, the illegal desires of the wealthy. Nor were Ministers unwilling to make the most of an opportunity to simulate a resoluteness they do not possess by extinguishing a danger which did not exist. They proceeded to close Carlist Clubs, to prohibit the publication of Carlist newspapers, and to order a number of wholly unproductive domiciliary visits upon prominent adherents of Don Carlos, if it so happened that they were absent from home. They suspended the Constitutional Guarantees, while they generously supplied newspapers with a series of official fabrications magnifying the danger so as to enhance the reputation of a Government which so successfully combated it. In reality the crisis existed only in the telegrams of foreign correspondents who follow the Court from Madrid to San Sebastian and from San Sebastian to Madrid, and obediently receive the in-

formation dispensed to them by imaginative politicians. Carlism is a dead horse. Although Don Carlos may substitute new chiefs for old, he can never again flog it into motion, unless his political program is radically altered, and the theories of government which he is held to represent—of reaction towards absolutism and priestly domination—be authoritatively disclaimed. In the Basque provinces alone is there left to Don Carlos any substantial popular following, and to the younger generation of Basques the devotion of their parents is more a matter for reverence than imitation. To the small farmer of Mallorca peace is the one godsend he desires. He has seen each little "poblacion" of his island emptied of its young men, who should have tilled its stubborn soil and tended the sheep upon the mountain-side, to glut the maw of internecine campaigns in Cuba or the Philippines. Many of them have never returned. He longs for the day when the "consumos"—the Excise duties upon the necessaries of his modest *ménage*—will be reduced; yet even for that seductive prospect he would scarcely fight, and certainly not to replace one King at Madrid by another. Catalonia, on the other hand, is fiercely Republican. The reimposition of the "vignobles" by the French Government, and the devastation of her vineyards by phylloxera (which first invaded Spain in 1890), have assisted to destroy the agricultural character of that province. The Carlist peasants have flooded into the capital city of Barcelona and into the busy towns that dot the shores of the Mediterranean, to learn in their clubs and cafés the catchwords of Communism. The loom has dispossessed the wine-press, and French rationalism the Legitimist faith. Yet if the sturdy Basque highlanders and the Balearic agriculturists have grown indifferent to the cause of Don Carlos, and the Catalan disaffect-

ed, from what quarter can he recruit the ranks of an insurgent force, for the Castilian is fairly well affected to the powers that be; while there is no population in Europe more ingenerately democratic than that of Southern Spain. By the Andaluz or the Valencian the standard of revolt has most frequently been raised; there is no halfway house for these mercurial races between a republic, the mastery of the people, and their subjection to an Imperial autocrat. Some hundreds of the nobility cannot constitute an army; nor any longer are the prayers or comminations of the priesthood likely to compel enlistment, more especially while the occupant of the Papal See extends protection to the existing monarchy.

Nevertheless, the decadence of Carlism does not ensure to Alfonso XIII a peaceful reign. The most eloquent of Spanish orators, Señor Castelar, was one of the chief promoters of the revolution that drove Queen Isabel II into exile in France, and established the Republic of which for a time Castelar was President. Two years ago, not long before his death, he received a deputation and pronounced his last discourse. He deplored the reactionary and ultramontane tendencies of the Executive, and concluded with a weighty declaration that he observed in the events and temper of the times a repetition of those features that preceded the revolution of 1868. Had he lived till now he would discover no reason to qualify that opinion. The sand in the hour-glass of monarchy is running low. That this should be so reflects not at all upon the virtues, and but slightly upon the political sagacity, of the Queen-Regent. She, at least, has striven nobly to fulfil her duty towards her son and his subjects. Her task, however, could only have been successfully performed with the support of capable and disinterested advisers, and the murder of Canovas deprived her of

the one counsellor who could lay claim to any degree of statesmanship. This year, at the age of sixteen, the young King enters into his heritage, and the Regency is concluded. It would be idle to pretend that the throne is safeguarded by the affection of a people prejudiced against foreigners, pre-eminently amenable to superstitious fears, enamored of luck and brilliancy. The Queen-Regent is an Austrian by birth and temperament; by her name, Cristina, she recalls to a Spaniard the disastrous Regency of another Cristina, the shameless widow of Fernando VII, while the boy King is the thirteenth Alfonso; since his accession national fortunes have been depressed by adversity, nor has the Queen-Mother made any concession to the delight of her people in splendor, or lent her countenance to their most cherished institution, the bull-fight. The Princess Eulalia, aunt of the King, and sister of Alfonso XII, recently visited the Biscay provinces. The Council of Vizcaya passed a vote of censure upon their President for having extended courtesy to the Princess at Bilbao. A visit of the Queen-Regent to Barcelona was contemplated. *La Veu de Catalunya*, an organ of the Autonomist movement, published an article suggesting that the air of the city was too cold for people not in robust health (a scarcely veiled reference to the supposed weakness of the King), and that the Barcelonese were not anxious to see "foreigners." In the autumn of last year a much-advertised trip was actually arranged for the King. He started on a yachting tour round the northern towns. The tour was a fiasco. His reception, at best indifferently respectful, was sometimes more marked by indifference than respect, and was brought to a hasty termination.

The Queen-Regent has lately taken a serious step of doubtful policy, against which all the Liberalism of

Spain is aroused. She has concluded an engagement between her eldest daughter, the Princess of Asturias, and Don Carlos de Bourbon, a son of the Count of Caserta. This engagement is held to contradict all hope of reform or enlarged liberties under a Constitutional Monarchy, and must tend to range the political forces of the nation into two opposing camps of reactionaries and republicans. One cannot refuse to pay some credence to the rumors, when they are repeated with but faint disguise by Deputies in the Cortes, of the delicate health of the young King. His weakness as a child and his parentage lend weight to these reports; nor has uneasiness been relieved by the secluded manner of his life and education. His person is practically unknown to his subjects; he has not reviewed his Army nor attended the lectures of professors, nor appeared in the Chambers of Congress or in the Plazas de Toros. The very earnestness with which a minute account is printed of his studies and attainments is not reassuring. The Princess of Asturias is heiress-presumptive to the throne of Spain. The Count of Caserta, the father of her *fiancé*, is a Carlist by descent and avowed. He has actually been in arms against the present Royal Family, and is still liable to arrest should he enter Spain. He is the Bourbon pretendant to the Kingdom of Naples, still insisting upon his title to the Neapolitan throne, and is thus received at the Vatican. By birth and by his supposed sympathies, his son, therefore, represents extreme Legitimist and Ultramontane views. If a husband was to be sought in Italy for the Infanta a member of the regnant House of Savoy might have been chosen, a son of that Amadeo, Duke of Aosta, who for so brief but honorable an interval occupied the throne of Spain. Amadeo was the choice of reformers, accepted by republicans, the nominee of the gallant Cata-

lan patriot, Marshal Prim, who, in December, 1870, on the eve of his monarch's arrival, was foully and mysteriously assassinated in Madrid. Such a marriage would have been an earnest of reform, and might have weakened the impetus of Republicanism which the nuptial of the Princess of Asturias with the Duke of Calabria can only accentuate. It is a declaration of war that even the quasi-Liberals of Congress could not affect to disregard. Over eighty Deputies voted against the answer to the Royal Message announcing the engagement. A body of Radicals signed a petition to the Regent urging the Princess of Asturias to relinquish her right of inheritance. The Executive thought it prudent to raid the office of the *Heraldo* (perhaps the most widely-read journal in Spain) in order to suppress an article commenting upon the gravity of the proposition, and to board the mail trains so as to prevent the circulation in the provinces of a speech by Señor Romero Robledo.

This engagement would seem to disclose a resolve on the part of the Queen-Regent that the monarchy will find its best chance of life in shaping its policy to the liking of the reactionaries, and in endeavoring to neutralize the antagonism, not of reformers, but of Legitimists. Possibly she has not calculated amiss; yet, if her estimate of chances be a right one, it is ominous to the safety of the throne; for it infers that the prospect of conciliating that section of the nation inclined to Republicanism is desperate. If she cannot tempt the loyalty of the mass of her subjects, she hopes at least to strengthen the bulwarks of resistance against their discontent. She can cement the benevolence of the Papal See towards the established *régime*; for Leo XIII approves this wedding as warmly as he would disapprove of a marriage into the House of Savoy. He has already, on more than one occa-

sion, exercised his authority to restrain the Carlist sympathies of the Spanish priesthood. In spite of the murmurings of Legitimist leaders he expressed through Cardinal Rampolla, in a communication to the Archbishop of Seville, his desire that the Spanish authorities shall receive the obedience of all Catholics. Although the inclinations of the priests are strongly Carlist, this marriage, with its promise that their privileges shall not be curtailed and its assurance of the Pope's patronage of the monarch, may rally them to the throne. It is difficult to measure the present influence of the clergy in Spain. Their popularity it is easy to appraise: they are detested. The distrust and dislike with which they are regarded by the mass of the people is intelligible. The Catholic Church of Rome in France, in Italy and in Austria—and not less in countries where her doctrines no longer predominate—is served by a majority of devout and active divines. The Church in Spain doubtless numbers her zealous and high minded prelates and vicars; nevertheless, practical immunity from legal prosecution, from criticism and from the rivalry of other congregations have borne their fatal fruit. The curse of untempered liberty has carried corruption to her core. Every charge that Luther hurled against the hierarchy of the Roman Church in the sixteenth century can be established against her Spanish dioceses in the twentieth. Bishoprics are sold to the highest bidder regardless of the fitness of applicants, yet simony is one of the least of the scandals that flourish under ecclesiastical protection. Vicars and *curas* are sheltered from the punishment which their crimes or the disgrace which their immorality should entail by the fear of sacerdotal authority. An outrage of a character too grave to overlook and too widely known to hush up may necessitate the banishment to South

America of an occasional reverend offender, his escape from justice being invariably connived at by provincial officials and the central Government. The vow of celibacy has become a mockery, the idea of serving mankind in poverty mere topic for ridicule. Irreverence often sneers through the stately services of the Church, immodesty and scepticism make merry the conversation of her clergy, until it has become a proverbial saying among the people how the best way to follow the example of Christ is to avoid following the example of His ministers. Public criticism, however, is usually confined to veiled allusions in the newspapers to some more widely rumored scandal. When, now and again, a bolder voice is raised, prompt action is taken to stifle it. A short time ago a provincial journal published some grievous revelations concerning the conduct and crimes of some of the priesthood of an important diocese. The Bishop launched excommunication against its editor, and the Governor of the province was induced to take action. When the undaunted editor proceeded to disclose how the Governor (one of whose duties—not infrequently neglected—is to suppress gaming within his jurisdiction) was himself the proprietor of a gaming house, the offending newspaper was finally suppressed. The Government at Madrid endorsed the action of its representative. One deacon, indeed, had the grace to leave the country without exposing himself to the disagreeable ordeal of a criminal trial—an ordeal reserved for the layman who lacks money and political friends. For the rest, there is no reason to believe that the scandals have been materially abated, while the Governor remains in secure possession—if not of his gaming-rooms, of his dignified office. I have selected this illustration because these events were freely alluded to in the Congress dur-

ing a debate upon the vagaries of Press-censorship. Any traveller, however, can readily make himself acquainted with a score of similar examples in almost every Spanish diocese that he visits. It is, indeed, a lamentable prospect for the future of religious sentiment in Spain that the priesthood has forfeited, through the misconduct of many of its members, the respect of the population, who now regard it with a curious combination of a half-jealous, half-contemptuous dislike, and a superstitious reverence for its superhuman attributes.

The reigning family may probably succeed in attaching to its fortunes the bulk of the Spanish clergy, whose influence, however, cannot fail to be impaired by the considerations alluded to. It is protected by the powerful authority of the Pope. It has the uncertain friendliness of Castilians and Madrileños, and is favored by a considerable section of the nobility. On its side is ranged in addition, with rare exceptions, the whole body of politicians, Deputies, placemen, officials and wire-pullers, who have reaped a rare harvest under the present *régime*, and have converted the Spanish Budget into "the civil list of the middle classes." Spain is the land of make-belief. The Lower Chamber of the Cortes contains 431 Deputies ostensibly elected upon a wide democratic suffrage, in reality not elected at all. The members of the Opposition pour forth denunciatory periods against the iniquities of the occupants of the *azul banco*; they prophecy catastrophes and deaths of Governments, or dilate upon their maladministration and the reforms of which themselves are the champions; yet have neither any intention nor wish to turn out the Ministry or to initiate a single administrative improvement. For the results of elections are pre-arranged by the Party organizers at Madrid—even to the majorities returning-officers are

to declare, and to the number of votes in each district they are to pretend to have been recorded. The falsification of election returns is flagrant and unabashed. It will be decided with the utmost complacency that a constituency overwhelmingly Republican shall be represented in Congress by a reactionary Legitimist. And when the elections are over, and the benches duly occupied by their quota of Deputies—for the most part members of the legal profession—the nefarious trade in appointments and favors commences. If a change of Government has been deemed expedient a clean sweep is made of all existing officials, from the Governor of a province and the Mayor of a city to a messenger in a Government office and the road-mender of a municipality. Those dispossessed receive pensions, those installed receive salaries and the prospect of a pension. The needs of members of the Opposition are not overlooked. There is a friend to place, a co-religionist to promote, there is a monopoly to sustain, there is a convenient road to be constructed. So matters are satisfactorily arranged, and benevolence is ensured by a cementing of mutual interests. It is only rarely this atmosphere of corruption will be disturbed by the voice of one of the tiny band of Republican Deputies, when the Congress will hear in silence or with indignant murmurs an echo of the unplumbed sentiments of the great mass of the people whom it has tricked out of a share in the control of national destinies. The President of the Chamber does his utmost to hamper free expression of opinion within the Cortes, constantly interrupting with comments or censures any too daring orator. Ministers strive to stifle or misinterpret opinion outside its walls. Yet the nervous activity with which they pursue their purpose is ominous of a sense of national disquietude. A suspension of

the Constitutional Guarantees, involving the substitution of military for civil jurisdiction is clearly an expedient that only pressing political necessity can justify. It is an expedient, however, to which the Conservative Ministry has had recourse incessantly since the war. A movement is started at Zaragoza against certain projected taxation; the Constitutional Guarantees are suspended at Zaragoza. A few foolish enthusiasts hoist a Carlist standard at Bilbao; the Guarantees are suspended in the province of Vizcaya. At Ferrol, in Galicia, there are disturbances among the workmen in the arsenal; a state of siege is declared there. Some traders in Barcelona protest against the Budget by refusing to pay taxes; the Constitutional Guarantees are suspended and Barcelona subjected to a state of siege. Valencians follow the lead of the Barcelonese; Valencia also is deprived of her Constitutional safeguards. The National Union, an association of commercial and agricultural firms, issues a manifesto; the Union is denounced, and in various industrial centres of Spain the Guarantees are placed in abeyance. A few dozen men take up arms at the instigation of some Bourse manipulators; Constitutional Guarantees are suspended throughout the whole of Spain. A Government could not more clearly manifest its distrust of popular tendencies than by availing itself so repeatedly of this extreme remedy against revolution. The violation of the law has become the everyday diet of the State. Spain, with a formal Constitution almost as democratic as that of France, and a people far more democratic in temperament than the English, is arbitrarily misgoverned by a self-chosen, self-seeking dynasty of Parliamentarians.

It may be contended that the Spanish democracy is not in reality qualified to exercise the wide measure of self-

government prescribed by the Constitution. Little more than one-third of the whole population is able to read and write. Education is not compulsory. The national schoolmasters are ill-paid and worse-informed. The influence of the Catholic Church is used to cripple all facilities for learning which she does not control, while the instruction afforded in her own seminaries is lamentably deficient. The agitation, however, that provoked these retaliatory measures did not originate, and is not chiefly sustained, among the more ignorant or poorer ranks of society, but amongst the most enlightened and substantial section of the community. The importance of this movement, which has reached such menacing proportions, may be said to date from February, 1899, when the Spanish Chambers of Agriculture and Commerce held a conference at Zaragoza. Their strictures on the increased taxes upon salt, sugar, alcohol, and upon transport were subsequently emphasized by popular demonstrations in Zaragoza, and in Seville, Valencia, and some three or four other cities. In July of the same year the Chambers of Commerce, already representative of one hundred and twenty commercial and industrial associations, united in a demand for Budget reforms, administrative reorganization, and a drastic retrenchment in expenditure. They proposed that the Ministry for the Navy, with other offices, should be abolished, and the *personnel* of all Government Departments reduced. They complained of a Navy no longer possessed of vessels requiring a larger grant in money and men than when her ships existed, and of fat salaries being paid to Colonial officials when there were no longer Colonies to administer. It is only fair to acknowledge the considerable economies since effected by Señor Silvela's Government. The Army was diminished by 60,000 men and its Esti-

mates by about £350,000. The Queen-Regent remitted to the Treasury £30,000 of her allowance. In spite of the selfish objections of Deputies, the half-hearted obedience of their own Party and the mischievous criticisms of the Opposition, Señor Villaverde, as Minister of Finance, and the Minister of Justice, gave earnest of genuine financial reforms within their Departments. Altogether, taking into account a saving realized by an adjustment of the internal debt and a reduction of interest on the bank-loans, the Government planned retrenchments of over seven million pounds on a total expenditure of about forty-three millions.

These economies did not satisfy the Chambers of Commerce. They denied their sufficiency and disputed their permanence. They took the grave step of recommending the business community to refuse payment of taxes until superfluous expenditure was reduced to a minimum. They adhered to the "program of Zaragoza," which outlined retrenchments more than double those promised or contemplated by the Government, while they condemned as reactionary those savings effected by a diminution of educational facilities. At an assembly at Valladolid the Chambers of Commerce converted themselves into an association known as the National Union—a fusion of all classes of agricultural and industrial producers, with representatives also of the artisan and intellectual elements in the community. This National Union embarked upon an active campaign in almost every important centre of population. Its propaganda spread over the land like burning oil; but in its progress its original ingredients suffered material change, supplying the fuel upon which has mounted the flame of a more dangerous agitation. Economical and political demands became inevitably confounded, until the National Union is regarded by monarchists as

a rallying-point for all discontented sections, and its propagandism has been met by a yet more determined campaign of suppression on the part of the authorities.

In this struggle the province of Catalonia has played the chief rôle. There the movement takes the form in its less revolutionary phase, of a demand for fiscal and administrative autonomy; in its more violent expression, for separation. The industrial enterprise of the Catalan is handicapped by the incubus of inefficient and corrupt Madrid officialism, and by an inequitable system of taxation. Under the leadership of Dr. Robert, an eminent physician and University Professor, and of Señor Durán y Bas, who resigned the Ministry of Justice when his colleagues began to strive to master discontent in Barcelona by a policy of repression, the more moderate claim is advanced to such a measure of autonomy as the Basque territories formerly enjoyed, and to a limited degree still possess—the power of internal self-government; the right to appoint local officials; the amount of the financial contribution due from the province to the central Government being first ascertained, liberty to the provincial authority to levy and collect it in a manner agreeable to the district. This claim was energetically repudiated on behalf of the Madrid Government by Señor Villaverde, the most competent member of its cabinet. While at one extreme these proposals shade off into the appeal by the National Union for purely administrative and economic reforms, at the other they are exaggerated into clamor for separation. Yet, notwithstanding their variety of aim, economic reformers, autonomists, separatists and republicans are united by common abuses and grievances, and by the need of common tactics, in hostility against the Government, and are further welded by the repressive policy upon which the

Ministry has embarked. It is, moreover, evident that the Catalan cities, with their two millions of an artisan population, must win a predominating influence upon any association of a commercial character. The sympathies of the majority of the National Union cannot fail to favor Catalan aspirations for autonomy, even if these were not shared at Valencia and equally at Bilbao, the northern centre of Spanish industry.

It is a point of honor with the Catalan of high or humble position to repudiate his Spanish nationality. He hints disgust of the bull-fight as an alien institution. Even with a stranger he is loath to converse in Castilian. Some Barcelonese shopkeepers, until the police interfered, used to supplement the seductive "*Ici on parle Français*" with a satirical announcement, "*Aquí se habla Español*." The Bishop of Barcelona has fully embraced regionalist doctrines. Animated debates in the Cortes were occasioned by his pastoral letter forbidding his clergy to use the Castilian language in the pulpit or for religious instruction. Catalonia has adopted a National Anthem of her own in a militant adaptation of "*Els Segadors*" ("*The Reapers*"). When the French Squadron visited Barcelona the "*Marseillaise*" was sung with enthusiasm; at a gala function in the Liceo—an opera-house of superior size to either La Scala of Milan or the San Carlos of Naples—the Royal hymn was hissed, and *vivas* were raised for a Catalan Republic and for a union with France. The strategy recommended by the National Union, of refusing to pay each quarter's taxes until reforms and economies were assured, was eagerly applied in Barcelona by some thousands of commercial houses of standing and shopkeepers. Under the Constitution the legal remedy is to enforce a seizure of goods to double the amount due. Dr. Robert, then Alcalde

of Barcelona, refused to sign the tax-claims. He was obliged to resign the Mayoralty. Every obstacle, however, continued to be placed in the way of the execution of the embargoes, and it was freely prophesied that the Government, faced by an inability to collect its revenue, would be forced to surrender to the demands of reformers through fear of bankruptcy. The authorities, however, and Señor Dato, Minister of the Interior, countered the movement with energy. The Guarantees were suspended, the Press rigorously censored and no reference allowed in its columns to the non-payment of taxes or to the subject of autonomy. All public meetings were forbidden, the cafés closed at early hours. Ultimately Barcelona was declared in a state of siege, and the civil law wholly superseded. A cruiser, Carlos V, arrived in her port and recalcitrant taxpayers were shipped on board and threatened with transportation if they persisted in their recusancy. The "bloodless revolution" collapsed. On one day (20th November, 1899) nearly two thousand contributions were paid. Yet the agitation in reality was only suspended. The National Union repeated its advice to taxpayers quarter by quarter, and continues to repeat it. Each quarter payments are in arrear, and have to be collected by extra-Constitutional methods. In May and June of last year the agitation was marked by some violence. Señor Dato ventured to visit Catalonia. He was received with every sign of hostility on the part of the commercial and artisan classes. In Barcelona he was hissed and mobbed. Once again the city was subjected to a state of siege, and various regionalist journals were suppressed. Later, in the streets, barricades were raised, and for the first time, there was some random shooting. Nor were the disturbances confined to Catalonia. In Seville and in Valencia there were se-

rious riots; all telegrams from the latter district especially, being severely censored in order to conceal the critical position of affairs. At Jativa some officers were attacked and a railway-station wrecked. At Bilbao there were street demonstrations. In Madrid, as elsewhere, there was a general closing of shops as an odd protest against embargoes. Several newspapers were suspended, the Mercantile Club at Madrid and similar institutions in other towns were shut by order, and the Constitutional Guarantees were almost everywhere placed in abeyance.

That these incidents will be repeated is certain; nor can the Government be blind to the eventuality of their gravity being accentuated in Catalonia. Various conditions contributed at the time to postpone the commercial crisis in that province which the loss of her protected trade to the Philippines might have been expected to involve. There were 250,000 soldiers to be clothed on their return from the Colonies; while the inflated rate of exchange encouraged an exportation trade formerly impossible; thus the Catalanian looms secured a temporary activity. But the soldiers are clothed, the rate of exchange has lowered to something like the normal, and industrial pressure is becoming every day more apparent. Certain privileges have already been extended to the port of Barcelona. The idea is now mooted of constituting there a free port and zone, where vessels can load and unload with economy of time and money, untrammelled by vexatious fiscal regulations, rendering Barcelona to the Mediterranean Sea what Copenhagen is to the Baltic. The Ministry must be aware how the danger of disquiet and disturbance will be immeasurably aggravated should there swarm along the fine Rambla of Barcelona a hungry and idle concourse of mechanics.

In Spain we then are presented with the spectacle of the powers that be maintaining their rule by force of arms against the will of the vast majority of the commercial and working classes. All the elements of revolution are there; yet so long as the leaders of disaffection are men of substance, whose intransigent sympathies are tempered by a profound attachment to life and fortune, or until a commander appears who is willing to appeal to force, and is in a position to enlist an armed following, the Monarchical Government through the Cortes may prevail. Only it has its dwelling-place over a crater. Discontent is smouldering ready to flame up to the breath of a determined chief; and it is true still of the revolutionary spirit in Spain—since the days of the Romans, it has possessed a character of its own—"it is a fire that cannot be raked out; it burns fiercely under the embers." For the time the Army holds the key to the situation, when it is by arms alone that the present monarchy can be preserved or that it can most easily be upset; and it is from the Army one must look for the guardian or destroying angel to appear. The Count of Almenas, in the Upper House, described Spanish Generals, not inappropriately, as "prevaricators and capitulators;" and the rank and file feel sore at the treatment meted out to them upon their return from Cuba and the Philippines. The officers exhibited themselves at public functions seemingly in the best of health and well provided with money for investment; the soldiers weakened by privation and hunger, and mostly destitute. Yet, although the latter have little regard for their superiors, still they have seldom failed hitherto in obedience towards them, and at their command have indifferently raised and overthrown kings and republics. To the magnetic gallantry of Marshal Prim the Republic of 1868 owed its ex-

istence, and to a triumvirate of Generals Alfonso XII, in 1874, his crown. The great majority of persons occupying important military positions are either supporters of the reigning family or Carlists. There is, however, one figure which transcends them all in influence, whose political views are an enigma. The Marquis of Tenerife, General Weyler, has lately been appointed by a Conservative Ministry to the Captain-Generalship of Madrid, a military post second only in importance to that of the War Minister. A Captain-General of Madrid has used his authority before now to overawe the Cortes and to engineer a crisis. Yet General Weyler has always been considered a Liberal, and suspected of being a Republican. An utterance of his in the Senate as late as 1899 is sufficiently significant, for he is one of the few Spaniards who weighs his words. He was speaking upon the subject of Autonomist disturbances in Catalonia. He recognized, he said, that by such means the nation had before been regenerated, and that if the present evils were not remedied the moment would arrive to seek a solution for them. Since his last promotion he has accorded an interview to a correspondent of the *Figaro* that somewhat flattered political doves. He complained of having been charged with cruelty towards the Cubans, declaring that his campaign had never been conducted with the severity of English methods in Africa, and of how, had he been continued in his command there, he would "have flung the Americans into the sea." It was natural that he should thus play his part by flattering the military sentiment from which he derives his influence. But the most significant passages of his conversation were those in which he complimented Catalonia upon her aims and industry, hinting criticism at the Government's neglect of them. He concluded by stat-

ing that he was no politician; that his services were at the disposal of the State, not mortgaged to any Party. General Weyler is not a popular character among his acquaintances. Ambitious, secretive, alive with wiry activity, he is scarcely hail-fellow-well-met. Nevertheless, he is liked in Catalonia—as a native of Mallorca, he can speak Catalan, and has favored Catalan aspirations. He is trusted by the Army for his capacity; the soldiery is persuaded—perhaps not without reason—that his policy of extermination would have successfully suppressed the Cuban rebellion had it been continued. He is the disciplinarian so rare in Spain. He is immensely wealthy, yet an untiring worker. His appointment to the Captain-Generalship of Madrid by a Conservative Administration, after he had defied its authority, is testimony to the fear politicians entertain of his prestige. General Weyler is the man to stem a revolution or to direct one. Ministers may have assured themselves of his loyalty to the established monarchy, or by his promotion they may hope to satisfy his ambition. Yet ambition is an appetite that grows with eating, while self-loyalty is the supreme faith of the Spanish statesman.

Lord Salisbury in 1898 referred in an oft-quoted phrase to the condition of Spain: "You see nations who are decaying, or whose Government is so bad that they can neither maintain the power of self-defence nor the affections of their subjects." No one will be found to question the justice of the latter sentence. Still, among those who have observed political and economic signs in Spain, there may be some who favor the theory that the process of decay is on the point of being arrested, that with the loss of her last important Colonies, the disease of three centuries has run its course, and that as in Italy so in Spain, new forces will

emerge in a coming crisis that will tend towards her redemption. If the bane of bad government which has caused her ruin can be removed, Spain need not despair of the future. Her natural wealth is great and little developed. She has a soil well adapted to almost every branch of agriculture, while her rich ores, except in the neighborhood of Bilbao, have scarcely begun to be exploited. Her southern climate is preferable to that of the Riviera, and every part of the country is full of attractions for the tourist if the hotel and railway accommodation be rendered sufficient. It is the fear of unstable and vexatious government that can alone deter the foreign capitalist from entering this remunerative field for investment. In spite of years of misrule and of the thralldom of ignorance and superstition, there is no lack of virility among the common people if once the barrier that has been raised for them against the invigorating impulse of the progressive ideas of other nations is thrown down. Spain is as yet in a backwater of European civilization—with a certain friendly feeling towards France, but otherwise regarding foreigners with suspicious aloofness. Unfortunately our occupation of Gibraltar must continue to supply Spain with a grievance against Great Britain, which will only be embittered as her national sense is confirmed. Any anti-British report, however absurd, gets ready credit. Thus: England, disappointed in an attempt to purchase the Balearic Islands, fomented the American War; or, England has entered into an understanding with Portugal so as better to coerce Spain and gain a footing on the Continent. The British Consul-General pays his ordinary visit of inspection to the Balearic Islands, and immediately every Spanish newspaper declares how he is commissioned to report upon their usefulness as a British possession. The British squadron visits

the harbor of Alcudia, in Mallorca; it is there to test the facilities for landing artillery against an invasion of the island. English travellers arrive at Palma; they come as spies or to suggest to the inhabitants that foreign rule will materially conduce to their prosperity. Even it is seriously related by responsible journals how the fishermen of Mallorca have observed curious signs painted on the rocks along the coast—mysterious hints to English marauders as to the spots where disembarkation of troops can be effected. No doubt the Balearic Islands, with their admirable harbors, their opportunities for commerce, and their delightful winter climate, would strategically and otherwise be an excellent prize. Could they be secured by unforced purchase from Spain, and with the countenance of the Powers, the price would be a very considerable one that did not justify the investment. It is, however, scarcely likely that France, at any rate, would be indifferent to the alienation of such valuable islands, lying full in the route from Marseilles to Algiers.

Notwithstanding, with all its innate obstinacy and habit of retrospection and its unenlightened suspicion of the foreigner, the Spanish intellect is becoming pervious to modern ideas—so long shrouded from its perspective. They are quickening the aspirations of populous Catalonia. The tawny Catalan operatives—proud, reserved, yet with daring and restless energy glittering in their steel-blue eyes—are consumed by republican fervor. They constitute a dangerous element—never, Napoleon alleged, had he met a race with larger powers of resistance. The devotion of the sturdy Basque peasant

is proverbial. Asturias and the Balearic Islands are peopled by an honest and healthy agricultural folk; while the despised Gallegos train into brave and hardy soldiers. A tourist who derives his ideas of the Spanish people from the careless Adaluces, or from the Castilians, gains but little perception of the human material on which may be built up a regenerated nation. The gates of political and commercial emancipation are being gradually forced ajar. Even the Ibero-American conference lately assembled at Madrid, although without any present practical result, does not in this relation entirely lack significance. The soreness so long existing between Spain and the Spanish-speaking Republics of South America is replaced by every evidence of friendship, and by a vague desire for united resistance to the more dreaded than probable "Anglo-Saxon league." The engagement of the Princess of Asturias, the reactionary and ultramontane policy of Señor Silvela's Administration, the corruption and obstinate blindness of the Cortes have helped to amalgamate the forces that make for progress. Their triumph may be delayed for lack of a leader; it is unlikely to be gained peacefully; while the longer it is deferred the fiercer will be the fight, and the greater the danger of a tyrannical and injudicious use of victory. Even after a present victory it is probable that further disappointments are in store, for the corroding effects of a long period of misrule and subjection will not easily be expelled. Nevertheless, fancy may detect through the approaching storm a gleam of promise that the tide of decay has turned.

Lionel Holland.

"HOOLIGANISM."

It would seem that a deal of needless pother is made over what the newspapers call "Hooliganism." Not that the thing itself does not call for remedy, of course; but it is talked of as though it were a phenomenon wholly new, the product of last year or so, and a thing beyond man's wit to deal with. Now, there is nothing new in Hooliganism but the name, and the name is in no respect better than a dozen others that have been used for the same thing; in one respect, indeed, it is worse, since it nails up for opprobrium the family name of many doubtless excellent citizens. The ruffians called Hooligans fight among themselves in gangs in the public streets, using weapons of divers sorts, from belts to pistols, and on frequent occasions, lacking antagonists of their own sort, they fall upon inoffensive passengers. They terrorize tradesmen, they elude or defy the police; their feats of maiming, shooting and knifing have caused death in a number of instances; and they are styled Hooligans in general because of the name of one particular gang, called after a family prominent in the faction. So stand the facts in outline, facts that are talked of as belonging peculiarly to this year or last—facts that have even been speculated upon as the direct outcome of Board Schools, or Evening Classes, or Music Halls, or the South African War, or, for all I know, of the Indian Famine.

But indeed the Hooligan, under the name of rough, scuttler, larrikin, peaky-blinder, *royou*, tough or hoodlum, has been with us long, and not in this country alone. Perhaps, since I have been asked to write my views of the matter, I may be pardoned if in

this paper I say a little more of myself than might otherwise seem becoming. In a novel, written four or five years ago, and to a less extent in a collection of short stories published two years earlier, I pictured something of Hooliganism (the name had not then been invented) as I knew it, and had known it long, and as others knew it before me. There were the family factions, the Ranns and the Learys, the local factions, the Jagos and the Dove Laners, the Brady's Laners and the Causeway chaps, the bashings, the kickings and the knifings. Whereat many excellent persons, who had never seen these things, hastened publicly to assure me, who had, that it was all a mere impossibility. I was held up for a defamer of the poor, not to say an extravagant liar. What was I talking of? Had I never heard of an institution called the Metropolitan Police? But events have still their little ironies. For scarce had the protests and the denunciations died down ere the Hooligans, bold with impunity, came into the cleaner streets, added pistols to their armory, and found easy victims among the better-behaved. And now I have the felicity of perceiving many of those same excellent persons, my censors of earlier times, gabbling at large over the pages of many newspapers about this suddenly-arisen Hooliganism, this new discovery of theirs, this growing brutality of the lower classes (they called *me* brutal once, bless them!) and all the rest of it. So that it will be seen that to me this matter of Hooliganism is something of an old tale, and I may be excused a certain weariness in turning to it again.

The Hooligan is a mere unlicked cub of a peculiarly vicious type, and he flourishes more openly of late by reason of his long immunity from licking. To cause pain, trouble and injury to others, so long as it may be done with little smart to himself, is his peculiar delight. It will be observed that he is usually young; the older criminal grows philosophical, turns from mere wantonness, and uses no violence—nor indeed any exertion at all—except in pursuit of gain, or to escape capture. The Hooligan, in fact, is merely a young criminal, ramping with youthful exuberance, and attracted to outrage as a pastime. If he had been taken as a child and lifted from out the evil influences about him, he might have grown into a man of credit. As it is, he is a criminal, though a young one; and at his age, punishment, of the proper sort, will have its best deterrent effect. For long he was content, as a rule, to vent his high spirits on the heads of other Hooligans; but of late, it would seem, he has found pleasure and immunity in carrying his pastime abroad, and bashing whom he lists. Reasons may be found for this. For years he has been taught much about his rights, though it has not been thought proper to put him to any particular trouble in the matter of his duties, to say nothing at all of his manners. And when he has been caught at his recreation his punishment has commonly been such as he laughs at, or even values as a distinction. And here a word may be said as to the absurd lenience of the punishments commonly awarded for assault as compared to those inflicted for theft. The thing has been talked of and written of again and again, I know, though with small result; but at least I can do no harm by writing of it once more. Imprisonment, and a smart dose of it, is the lot of the thief, even of him that steals

half a crown. But many a scoundrelly outrage has been purged by payment of just such a sum of money. I have heard it said that it is not well to encourage the Englishman to run pulling to the constable when his hands should be busy defending his head; and with that sentiment in its proper application, my sympathy is complete. But just now we are not talking of the strong man facing his equal; we are considering the absurdity of a half-crown or ten-shilling or twenty-shilling fine as deterrent punishment for the blackguard who has battered into lifelong misery a helpless woman or an old man or a thrice helpless child; or for the gang which has fallen upon an unsuspecting wayfarer at a corner, and belted and booted his head out of recognition, either for hire—for an enemy is often punished in that way—or merely by way of practice and amusement. These things, and the bland innocence of the world exhibited by some magistrates, bring the police courts into contempt among them to whom they should be a terror. I well remember the amazing transactions of a now-forgotten stipendiary at one of the East London police courts. He may have done it—no doubt at some time or another he did—but personally I am unable to recall a case wherein he sent to gaol anybody charged with assault before him. In his court five or ten shillings would pay for any outrage that was dealt with summarily. Many a hulking rascal who had hammered his unhappy wife within a little of her life, he "punished" by a fine of half a crown—which the woman commonly paid from her own pocket. Very naturally "Old X" was a jest and a byword in the neighborhood, and the terror of the law was not. His was an extreme case, of course; but within the last few months I have come upon a very fair number of police-court sentences

worthy of poor old X in his mildest days.

It should be remembered that fines for Hooliganism are ludicrous and useless. They are paid by a "whack round" among the prisoner's associates, and affect him not at all. And a light sentence of imprisonment is just as foolish. The Hooligan who has "done time" has taken his degree, and is honored in the fraternity. A sentence of a month or two is valued as a distinction; and a little "holiday," with food and shelter and warmth—especially in winter—is not unwelcome to the Hooligan. Confinement in moderate doses does not oppress him, for he is not a creature of imagination. For imprisonment to deter, it must come in severer doses—severer even than a stipendiary magistrate may inflict. The Hooligan whose ill fortune it is to be committed for trial, and who then comes in for eighteen months' hard labor—a hard, trying sentence, with no cossetting in its regulations—is given a physic that makes him think twice or thrice before taking risk of it again. But this is not a sentence that can be given to Hooligans of every degree of guilt. Which brings to consideration a punishment that suits them all, that may be regulated in time and quantity, and that will give a far less inviting character to a short term of imprisonment. It is the merest commonplace—a hundred have said it before me—for of course I mean the punishment inflicted by "the instrument called a cat."

Now, it is the custom of them that recommend the use of the cat on the back of the Hooligan, and of them that are horrified and agonized at the suggestion, to plunge into a fierce argument as to whether the flogging authorized by the Act of 1863 did or did not suppress the garrotter. "Plainly it did," say the first, "since the offence

ceased instantly." "Plainly it did not," say the others, "since the offence ceased before the Act was passed." Now, this is a matter of merely historical interest to them that know the Hooligan and his like in the flesh; though in passing it may be observed that the argument that the garrotter was suppressed before the cat was made ready for him, even if it be admitted, does not prove that it would not have suppressed him earlier if it had been available; it merely proves that he ceased from his garrotting soon enough to escape it. But without speculation, or conjecture, or hypothesis and neither aided nor baffled by fine-spun argument, I know, and others acquainted with the Hooligan class know, that among the ruffians I am speaking of, the cat is held in extreme fear. Among them that laugh aloud at threat of prison, the laugh is checked half-way at a hint of the lash. They may have no imagination, no pity, and no conscience; but they have all very tender hides of their own, and it is by way of his hide that the feelings of the Hooligan are to be reached, for that is where he keeps them. More, let but one come out from gaol among his friends with a well-painted back, and a dozen among them will moderate their Hooliganism at the sight. I have known the effect in some of the cases of violent robbery for which the law already allows a fitting application of the gaoler's duster; and I have known a blackguard who would have received a two-years' sentence with a grin and a jeer, to blubber like a calf in the dock at a moderate allotment of lashes.

Consider how comparatively few of the purely Hooligan outrages are accompanied by robbery. Does that not suggest something? Nobody will claim honesty as a Hooligan virtue, and I have no doubt that the Hooligan would be very glad to possess what-

ever his victim might have about him. Sometimes he takes it, of course; but it is only rarely, and in pretty safe circumstances. Why not always? It is because he knows that robbery with violence may bring him the cat while the simple violence will not bring him any punishment worth consideration. There is the cat plainly at work as a deterrent. I have already said that I *know*—not that I think, or that I conjecture, or that I argue; but that I know by contact with the creature himself, even by his admissions—that the Hooligan holds the whip in healthy fear, and would Hooliganize less, or not at all, if in his ruffianism he risked a cut of it. Ask any man who is not a faddist, and who really knows the breed, and he will say the same.

Of course, the Hooligan risks no cut of the whip, except robbery be added to his bashing, nor need he fear it while the law stands as it does. But how many among them that legislate have the courage to see the law altered? For at the suggestion the sentimentalist lifts up his voice and blithers. Of argument or knowledge he has none; but babbles of green fields, or of the higher this and the nobler that, or of anything else that sounds virtuous and decorative, and means nothing in particular. Dear, good,

Pall Mall Magazine.

generous soul, the sentimentalist! Ever ready to forgive the wrongs done to others, ever forward to pay for Paul's peccadilloes—with Peter's pence! Lover of all the virtues—except justice!

But, indeed, it is the influence of the sentimentalist, if it is anything, that has enabled the Hooligan to disport so freely in our midst of late. For it is our modern way to meet crime with indulgence, and we have cockered the Brute for years. The one definitely expressed objection that I have heard against the use of the whip on the Brute is—that it will brutalize him! Yet it is a commonplace among the people who bawl aloud their horror at the thought of lashing a ruffian who jumps on a woman's face, to promise, with pious satisfaction, punishment eternal to a child who steals jam from a cupboard.

Well, well! If we must not whip our Hooligans—and whipping at least is cheap—let us keep them expensively in gaol; but let us keep them long. Or let us put them together in a town of their own, and wall them in, so that they may Hooliganize each other till no more are left. But no—the sentimentalist, without whose permission nothing may be done, would scarce allow that. For some of the Hooligans would be hurt, which he would not like at all.

Arthur Morrison.

PARENTHOOD.

These are the years our God
Lays down, and nothing loth,
His sceptre and His rod
As He were tired of both.
Bids men and women take
His empire for a while,
To ban, to bless, to make
The children weep or smile.

Parenthood.

All power be yours, He saith—
 Over My little ones:
 The power of life and death,
 The power of clouds and suns.
 The power of weal and harm
 Be yours to have and hold:
 In you they shall go warm,
 In you be pinched with cold.

Just for these God-like years
 Ye shall not know th' intense
 Pang beyond prayers and tears
 Of your love's impotence.
 Be yours to make, to mar,
 This lovely thing I wrought,
 With love brought from afar,
 And My eternal thought.

This fashioned I of joy,
 Much hope, without a stain,
 Pure gold without alloy
 Redeemed in mine own pain.
 For this the wine-press trod,
 Red-sanguined to the knee.
 Afterwards—saith our God—
 Ye will account to me.

For every needless tear,
 For all the smiles unsmiled,
 For lonely wrong and fear
 Brought on any little child,
 Myself will exact the fee,
 A God of wrath and scorn:
 Better that day that ye
 Were dead ere ye were born.

Contrariwise—His wrath
 Our Lord God put away—
 Your watchful love till death
 I will repay, repay.

* * * * *

Lord of the skies and lands
 Take pity on Thy dust,
 Strengthen our mortal hands
 Lest we betray Thy trust!

Katharine Tynan.

The Spectator.

THE WARDEN OF THE MARCHES.

BY SYDNEY C. GRIER.

VII.

NONE BUT THE BRAVE—

"Really, Mab," said Dick, irritably, "your horses are more bother than they are worth. Why don't you set up a motor-car?"

"How horrid you are, Dick! Any one would think it was my fault that all these things happen. How could I help Majnûn's getting kicked by one of the other horses when they were coming back from watering? I am sure it was that wretched Bayard of yours—cross old thing! At any rate, the syce declares it's impossible for Majnûn to go out to-day, and I can see it myself. You can go round and look at the state he's in."

"Oh, all right; I'll take your word for it. But what are you going to do?"

"The syce's sole idea is to send down to Mr. Anstruther's for Lalli, but I will not ride her again just yet."

"No, I certainly won't have you mount her until Anstruther can give a better report of her proceedings. Well, you had better take Georgie's old Simorgh, as she and I are to do Darby and Joan in the dog-cart."

"He's so horribly and aggressively meek. I don't care for a horse whose sole title to distinction is that in prehistoric days he carried his mistress to Kubbet-ul-Haj and back without once running away. I want to ride Roy, Dick."

"My dear Mabel, pray have some regard for suitability. Will nothing but a mighty war-horse satisfy your aspiring mind?"

"That's just it. He's so big that it must feel like riding on an elephant.

I should love to ride him, and you know it's perfectly safe. A child could manage him—you said so yourself."

"No, really, Mab. An appreciative country doesn't provide me with chargers merely to furnish a mount for you."

"Then I shall borrow a horse from somebody. Mr. Burgrave would lend me anything he possesses in the way of horseflesh—he said so," declared Mabel vindictively.

"I daresay, and rejoice when it came to grief, so that he might nobly refuse any compensation. Oh, take Roy and Bayard too, if you like, and make a circus of the whole show, but don't put me under an obligation to Burgrave."

Mabel retired triumphant, as she had intended to do. It was the last day of the Christmas holidays and the Alibad festivities were to close, as usual, with a picnic, organized by Major and Mrs. North. Georgia had been up long before dawn, superintending the packing of provisions in the carts, which must set out as soon as it was light, and she was now resting in her own room. Without exactly knowing why, Mabel was relieved by her absence. Had his wife been at hand she would not have cared to employ the argument with which she had vanquished Dick, but she had no fear of his bearing malice or telling her about the dispute afterwards. As things were, when she was perched upon the back of Dick's great roan charger, she found that the grandeur of her position was its chief advantage. Roy was almost as uncomfortable to ride as a camel, and to Mabel, accustomed to her docile ponies, he seemed to have no mouth at all. She was thankful to receive a hint or two in managing him from his generous

master, and thus forearmed, she was determined not to own herself defeated. Her mount aroused a good deal of surprise among her fellow-guests, and Mr. Hardy asked her benevolently if she would not have preferred an elephant, while Mr. Burgrave reminded her in reproachful tones of his offer of the loan of any of his horses. To this she replied promptly that she preferred a military mount as more trustworthy, an answer which bred great if somewhat causeless elation in the minds of some of the young officers who heard it.

The scene of the picnic was a spur of the mountains some dozen miles to the eastward, where there were curious caves to be seen, and also the ruins of an ancient fortress, among which it was sometimes possible, after careful research, to unearth fragments, or even whole specimens of old glazed tiles, very highly prized by those learned in such things. On this occasion everything was done in the orthodox way. The caves were duly explored, and the ruins examined, with suitable precautions against finding scorpions instead of tiles, and a number of rather disappointing sherds were discovered, and entrusted to the servants to take home. Mabel and Flora Graham chose to climb to the highest point of the ruins, with the assistance of all the younger men of the party, and when there confessed that but for being able to say they had achieved the ascent, they had gained nothing that was not equally obtainable down below. However, the provisions were excellent, and nothing material to their consumption had been forgotten, so that all agreed it had been a most successful picnic, and Georgia heaved a sigh of satisfaction as she watched the servants put the last of the empty baskets back into the carts.

These carts, with the three or four carriages which had conveyed the elder members of the party, were obliged to

return home by the road across the plain, but the riders were able to take a short cut through the hills for the first part of the way. While a discussion was going on as to the most interesting path to choose, Flora Graham moved close to Mabel.

"Oh, Mab," she said hastily, "do you think you could get Mr. Brendon to ride with you? He will stick to me, and I know Fred won't like it when he hears. He is a little inclined to be jealous, you know; because once, before we were engaged, he thought I liked Mr. Brendon. Besides, I want to ride with Mr. Milton, and talk to him about Fred."

Milton, the youth who was Fred Haycraft's companion at Fort Shah Nawaz, had cheerfully put up with the fag-end of the holidays that his senior might enjoy as much of Miss Graham's society as possible. He was delighted with the proposed arrangement, and Mabel had little difficulty in attracting Mr. Brendon to her side when he found the post he coveted was already bespoken. It was obvious, however, to the rest of the party that Mr. Burgrave and Fitz Anstruther had both been promising themselves the honor of escorting Mabel, and the sudden blankness of their faces when they found themselves forestalled by a third person was highly instructive. Either moved by a certain vague fellow-feeling, or each inflamed with the determination to see that the other played fair, they fell in together behind Mabel and her cavalier, riding rather in advance of the rest.

As for Mabel, she felt it distinctly hard to be obliged to sacrifice herself for Flora's benefit. Mr. Brendon, of the Public Works Department, was a most estimable young man, but he labored under the drawback of possessing a plethora of useful knowledge. To ask him a question was like pulling the string of a shower-bath, which let

loose a flood of information on the head of the unwary questioner. Mabel had intended to let him prose as he liked, while she thought about other things, and jerked the string, so to speak, at intervals, but he was far too polite to monopolize the conversation. He paused for her replies, or invited her opinion so often, while clearly ready to supply the needed answer himself, that her plan failed altogether of success, and she found him almost unendurable. She had just succeeded in hiding an irrepressible yawn, when a happy idea came to her as she was approaching desperation.

"Oh, here is quite a nice level piece of ground. Let us race, Mr. Brendon."

He could not well refuse, and for all too short a time Roy pounded gallantly through the sand. Brendon's lighter steed won easily, and when Mabel reached the end of the course, she found him waiting for her. Their road passed at this point through a narrow ravine, leading down to the open desert, and the high rocks on either side looked black and threatening against the glowing sunset sky, a glimpse of which at the further end of the gorge dazzled the eyes.

"I think you had better let me pilot you here, Miss North," said Brendon. "The ground is strewn with loose boulders, and it is difficult to distinguish them in this light. You might get a nasty fall."

It was well that Brendon should ride anywhere rather than beside her, and Mabel accepted the position he assigned her with something more than resignation. He took the lead as they entered the ravine, his pony picking its way with infinite daintiness, and Roy followed securely enough.

"What a delightful Dürer engraving we should make!" exclaimed Mabel suddenly, "creeping along between these dark cliffs under such a gorgeous red sky. But it's contrary to all

symbolism that you should be riding first."

"The color of the sky would scarcely tell in an engraving," answered Brendon, with a perceptible accent of reproof. "But the idea would work out well in black and white."

"Oh dear, no!" persisted Mabel. "The sky is everything. It gives such a threatening touch. I feel quite weird myself, don't—"

"Don't you?" she was going to say, but the words were cut short, for a shot was fired among the rocks on the left, close beside her. Roy, accustomed to such sounds, started slightly and pricked up his ears, but the pony shied violently and received a cut from its rider.

"Abominable carelessness!" shouted Brendon to Mabel, looking round as the animal dashed forward. "I'm coming back to hunt that fellow out. He might have shot one of us."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before the pony reared suddenly and then fell forward, throwing him over its head. At the same moment Mabel heard the sound of another horse's feet behind her, and before she could look round a hand dealt Roy a smart blow on the flank. She felt him rise for a leap, and was conscious that his heels touched something as he went over. It seemed a miracle that he did not land upon his head, but as it was, the shock, when his hoofs clattered down amongst the stones, nearly unseated Mabel, and before she could collect her scattered senses three mounted men advanced, as if by magic, from among the rocks on either hand. Before she had time to do more than realize that they wore turbans, a fourth man made his appearance from behind, and seizing her bridle, forced Roy into a canter. She had a momentary vision of Brendon, his face streaming with blood, flinging himself between her horse and her captor's, and trying to

wrest the bridle from him; she saw the sweep of steel in the red light as one of the other men turned round; saw Brendon cut down by a murderous blow from a tulwar. It was all over in a moment; and before she could even scream, she and her captors were out of the gorge and riding swiftly to the right, away from Alibad and safety. From the fatal spot they had left there came faintly to her ears the sound of several shots.

The sound reached other ears beside Mabel's. Mr. Burgrave and Fitz, riding leisurely, as they had been when Mabel and her cavalier left them behind in their race, started when they heard it, and put spurs to their horses. Entering the gorge they could see nothing but dark rocks and lurid sky. No! What was that?—a bright flash, followed by another report, coming from a spot close to the ground at the further end. Riding headlong down the ravine, regardless of the shifting boulders, they distinguished at last the form of Brendon, his light clothes dyed with blood. He was dragging himself painfully towards them, holding his discharged revolver in his left hand.

"They've got Miss North!" he gasped, as they neared him.

With a sharp exclamation Mr. Burgrave dug his spurs deeper and dashed on, but Fitz, catching the look of agony on Brendon's face, drew rein for a moment.

"She's riding—a troop-horse. Yell to him to 'Halt!'" came in broken sentences. "And look out. There's a—rope."

Even as he sank down exhausted from loss of blood, there was a crash in front. The Commissioner and his horse had gone down in a heap, marking only too accurately the position of the rope. Fitz galloped forward, his pony taking the obstacle like a bird.

"Ride on, for Heaven's sake! Never mind me!" came in a despairing shout

from the man who lay helpless under the struggling horse, and Fitz obeyed. He was out of the gorge now, and could see far away to the right the dark moving mass which represented the object of his pursuit. Ramming in his spurs he followed at breakneck speed, his whole soul absorbed in the savage determination to catch up the robbers and their prey. Whether he and Sheikh lived or died, they must reach that goal. Thundering on, his eyes fixed upon his quarry, he perceived presently, with a fierce joy, that it was becoming clearer to his view. He was gaining! Now he could distinguish the forms of the men and their horses, and presently he was able to assure himself that the wiry little native steeds were undoubtedly handicapped by the necessity of accommodating their pace to that of the heavier Roy. That the robbers he was pursuing were four to one did not occur to Fitz, even in face of the ominous fact that they made no attempt to interfere with him, too confident in their superior numbers to take the trouble to separate and cut him off. The moment that he felt sure of his advantage, his plan was ready formed, complete in his mind, and without any volition of his own, his revolver was in his hand, cocked, the moment after. As he diminished the distance between himself and the robbers, he saw that they were no longer in a compact body. The three unencumbered riders were leading, and Mabel and the man who held her bridle came after. Mabel had recovered her presence of mind by this time. She was striking furiously with her whip at the hand which gripped her rein, in the hope of forcing the robber to loose his hold, but in vain. He could not spare a hand to snatch away the whip, but his grasp upon the bridle never relaxed. Suddenly a voice sounded in her ears. Standing in his stirrups, Fitz put all the power of his lungs into the one word "Halt!" and at the

well-known shout Roy stopped dead, his feet firmly planted together. The shock dragged the robber from his saddle, and his own horse, terrified, continued its headlong career. Still grasping Mabel's bridle with his left hand, he drew his tulwar and sprang at Fitz. A bullet from the ready revolver met him as he came, and he fell forward, the tulwar dropping harmless from his fingers, which clutched for a moment convulsively at the sand under Sheikh's hoofs.

"Quick! Get behind me! Crouch between the horses!" cried Fitz to Mabel, urging the panting Sheikh in front of Roy. The three men in front had faced round, and seemed to be meditating a charge, but they were without firearms, and Fitz, standing behind his pony, had them covered if they should approach. Left to themselves, they might have distracted his attention by coming at him from different directions and taken him in the rear, but the other members of the party had now emerged from the gorge, and were riding down on them with shouts. Prudent counsels prevailed, and they turned their horses' heads again and rode off into the gathering darkness, leaving the victorious Fitz with two trembling, sweating horses, and Mabel, crouched on the sand, clutching wildly at his feet. She tried to speak as she looked up at him, but no words would come and only a hoarse scream issued from her lips. The sight of her utter prostration almost unmanned him.

"Don't, don't, Miss North!" he entreated, trying to lift her up. "You're safe now, and the others will be here in a minute. Don't let them see you like this."

She swayed to and fro as he raised her, and staggering to Roy's side, buried her face in his mane. Fitz turned away. It would be taking an unfair advantage, he felt, to look at her in this forlorn state, and he began to pat

Sheikh, and praise his gallant efforts in a low tone. Many a time afterwards did he curse himself as a fool for this backwardness of his, but at the moment it was impossible for him to take her in his arms and comfort her, as his heart urged him to do. She had been saved from death or worse by his means, and he could not presume upon the service he had rendered her.

The moment of constraint was quickly ended by the eager questions of the men who came galloping up. Fitz stepped forward to meet them.

"Look out!" he said quickly, jerking his head in Mabel's direction, "Miss North is awfully knocked up. Leave her to herself for a moment. Is Tighe here?"

"He stopped at the nullah. It's a bad job there. Brendon's gone, poor old chap! and the Commissioner's pretty extensively damaged. Jolly good job the doctor was able to ride out this afternoon."

"I say, look here," said Fitz, "we mustn't let her know about this. Can't we get her straight home?"

"Must go back to the nullah. The Colonel and one or two more whose horses were no good stayed with Tighe to help him dig out the Commissioner. He had managed to shoot his horse lest it should kick his brains out, and it was lying straight across him. They'll want help in getting him home, and poor Brendon, too."

"Well, say nothing to Miss North, and we'll try to keep it dark. There, she's coming. Can't you say something ordinary?"

Milton, to whom the request—or rather command—was addressed, gasped helplessly. The circumstances seemed to prevent his saying anything at all, but as Mabel came towards them, her face still white and her lips trembling, a happy thought seized two of the other men simultaneously.

"We've never even looked at the rascal you've potted!" they cried to Fitz. "Here, come along. Who's got a match?"

Mabel shuddered, and caught at Fitz's arm, but a dreadful fascination seemed to draw her to the place where the dead robber lay. Some one produced a box of matches, and kneeling down, struck a light close to the face of the corpse. Fitz knew as well as Mabel what face she expected to see, and he could scarcely keep himself from echoing her cry of surprise and relief when they realized that a stranger lay before them.

"Wait a minute, though," said one of the officers, pressing forward. "Lend us another match, old man. Yes, I thought so! It's Mumtaz Mohammed, the sowar who deserted five or six weeks back."

"Then it was only a common or garden raid, and not a planned thing," said another. I know it was said he had got away to those fellows who broke out of prison at Kharrakpur."

"No," said Mabel suddenly. "It was a plot."

"Why, Miss North—how do you know?" they asked, astonished.

"Because my syce was in it. He told me this morning my pony could not be ridden, and wanted me to send for Lalli, whom Mr. Anstruther is training for me. She bolts at the sound of a shot. It was a shot fired in the nullah that began this—this—"

"And so you didn't ride Lalli, after all?"

"No, I would ride Roy. I asked for him just to see what Dick would say, and when he didn't want me to have him, I persisted, simply to tease him. And it has saved my life!" she cried hysterically.

"Not much doubt who stood to benefit by the plot!" muttered some one, but Fitz nudged the speaker fiercely.

"I don't know what we're all stand-

ing here for—in case our deceased friend's sorrowing relations like to come back and wipe us out, I suppose. Let me mount you, Miss North. Are you fellows going to stop out all night? Had we better bring *that* along, do you think?"

This was added in a lower tone, as he pointed to the robber's corpse. After some demur it was decided to lay it across the saddle of Brendon's pony, which had found its way again to the rest with a pair of broken knees, and they rode back towards the gorge, the last man leading the laden pony, so that it might be kept out of Mabel's sight. As they approached the entrance to the ravine, Dr. Tighe came forward hastily to meet them.

"Look here," he said, "I wait some one to ride on to Alibad at once. The Commissioner has broken his knee-cap and a few other things, and Major North's is the nearest house, but Mrs. North mustn't be frightened. Milton, your pony's a good one, I know, so just take it out of him. Say nothing about Miss North or Brendon, or anything, but tell Mrs. North the Commissioner has had a nasty fall, and I am bringing him to her house with a fractured patella and a pair of smashed ribs. She can get things ready, and send on to my house for anything she doesn't happen to have."

"Surely the ladies had better go back with me, doctor?" asked Milton, pausing as he was about to start.

"No, we don't want any more kidnapping to-night. We must travel slowly, all of us, but they'll be safer than with you. Feel shaky, Miss North? Drink this," and he handed her a flask-cup. "Miss Graham is waiting to weep tears of joy over you. What, aren't you gone, Milton?"

"Tell Major North to arrest the syce," Fitz shouted after the messenger as he disappeared in the darkness.

"Off with your coats, you young fel-

lows," cried Dr. Tighe, as the sound of the pony's steps died away. "The Commissioner has to be carried home somehow, and there's not so much as a stick to make a stretcher of. We must tie the coats together by the sleeves, and manufacture a litter in that way."

No one dared to scoff, although there were few believers in the doctor's scheme, but working energetically under his directions they succeeded in framing a sufficiently practicable litter. Six of the party were chosen as bearers, and the others were to relieve them, their duty in the meantime being to lead the riderless horses, and keep watch against a surprise. Mabel and Flora who had been enjoying the luxury of shedding a few tears together in private, were placed at the head of the procession, and the march began. At first the litter containing the wounded man followed close after the two girls, but presently Fitz, who was one of the bearers, felt his arm grasped.

"Let the ladies get ahead of us, please. I—I can't stand this very well."

Fitz understood. Mr. Burgrave was suffering acutely as he was carried over the rough ground, and he feared lest some sound extorted from him by the pain should acquaint Mabel with the fact. The litter and its bearers dropped behind, and if now and then a groan was forced from the Commissioner's lips, his rival, at any rate, felt no contempt for his reluctant weakness. Before half of the journey had

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been accomplished, a relief party, headed by Dick, met them, and Mr. Burgrave was transferred to a charpoy carried by natives, after Dr. Tighe had made rough and ready use of the splints and strapping Georgia had sent.

A little later, a detachment of the Khemistan Horse passed at a smart trot in the direction of the gorge. It was not now the rule, as in the early days of General Keeling's reign, for the regiment to sleep in its boots, but it was still supposed to be ready night and day to trace the perpetrators of any outrage and bring them to justice—rough justice, sometimes, but none the less impressive for that. The sight gave Mabel a sense of safety and comfort, and she scouted Flora's proposal that she should come home with her for the night.

"As if I would leave Georgie to do all this extra work alone!" she said, as they turned in at the gate.

"Oh, Mab, is it true about the Commissioner?" cried Georgia, coming out to meet them on the veranda.

"Yes; I'm afraid he's dreadfully hurt, poor man!"

"Was he riding with you when he fell?"

"He—he was riding after me," said Mabel cautiously.

Georgia threw up her hands. "Oh, if you could only have hurt any other man, or taken him to any house but this!" she cried; and Mabel thought it both unkind and unfair, considering the circumstances.

(To be continued.)

SOME ANIMALS EXTERMINATED DURING THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

While the century which has just closed may fairly lay claim to the gratitude of posterity on account of the magnificent tale of zoological work accomplished during its course, it is, on the other hand, undoubtedly open to the charge of having permitted the total extermination of not a few animals, and of having allowed the numbers of others to be so reduced that their disappearance, at least as truly wild creatures, can scarcely be delayed very many years longer. Possibly, if not probably, the sweeping away of the enormous herds of many species, like those of the American bison, may have been an inevitable accompaniment of the march of civilization and progress; but there is no sort of excuse to be made for the fact that in certain instances naturalists failed to realize that species were on the very verge of extermination, and that they were actually allowed to disappear from the world without being adequately represented in our museums. Nor is it by any means certain that even the present generation is altogether free from reproach in this matter, although it cannot be said that any species hovering on the verge of extermination are absolutely unrepresented in collections. Whether, however, sufficient specimens of such species are being preserved for our successors may be an open question.

It is not our intention in this article to allude to the host of animals whose numbers have been reduced in such a wholesale manner during the century as to render them in more or less immediate danger of impending extermination, but to confine our attention in the main to those on whom this fate has already fallen. And here it may be

mentioned with satisfaction that India enjoys a remarkably good record in this respect, for, so far as we are aware, it has not lost a single species of mammal, bird or reptile, either during the nineteenth century or within the period of definite history. It is true that the numbers and range of the Indian lion have been sadly curtailed during the last fifty years, and that if steps are not promptly taken for its protection that animal may, ere long, disappear from the Indian fauna. But, at any rate, it has not done so at present; and even were it exterminated in the country, this would not mean the extermination of a species, and possibly not even of a local race, since it is not improbable that the Persian representative of the lion (which is still abundant) may not be distinguishable from the Indian animal. Of large animals peculiar to India, perhaps the great Indian rhinoceros is the one that requires most careful watching in order that its numbers and its range may not be unduly reduced before it is too late to take adequate measures for its protection. And in this connection it is perhaps legitimate to call the attention of sportsmen and native princes to the urgent need of a fine specimen of this magnificent animal for the collection of the British Museum.

We have said that the century is responsible for the extinction of no inconsiderable number of the world's animals. But it must not for one moment be supposed that, within the historic period, no such exterminations by human agency had taken place in previous centuries. We have to go back so far as the year 1615 for the last evidence of the existence, in a liv-

ing state, of the great flightless rail (*Aphanapteryx*) of Mauritius and Rodriguez; while the journal of the mate of the *Berkley Castle*, in 1681, is the last record of the dole being seen alive. Again, the tall and flightless solitaire of Rodriguez is not definitely known to have been met with by Europeans after 1691, although there is some evidence to indicate that it may have lingered on in the more unfrequented portions of the island till as late as 1761. Of the extinct géant, or Mauritian coot (*Leguatia*), we have no evidence of its existence subsequent to 1895; while our last record of the crested parrot (*Lophopsittacus*) is as far back as 1601. Again, the great northern sea-cow (*Rhytina gigas*), which was only discovered on the islands of Bering Sea in the year 1741, had entirely ceased to exist by about 1767. Moreover, the giant tortoise of Réunion appears to have ceased to exist on its native island previous to the dawn of the nineteenth century, although at least one exported example has survived till our own day.

Neither can the nineteenth century be held responsible for the extermination of the South African blaauwbok (*Hippotragus leucophocus*), a smaller relative of the familiar roan antelope, since the last known example is believed to have been killed in or about the year 1799. It had always a curiously restricted habitat, being confined to a small area in the Swellendam district.

On the other hand, the great auk is a bird whose loss we owe to the carelessness of the naturalists of the middle of the nineteenth century, for there is little doubt that if protective measures had been taken in time it might have been alive at the present day. From the American side of the Atlantic it probably disappeared somewhere about the year 1840; while the

summer of 1844 witnessed the destruction of the last European pair of this remarkable bird, the last British representative having been hunted to death in the neighborhood of Waterford Harbor ten years previously.

One of the most sad stories of extermination, and that, too, at a comparatively recent date, is revealed in the case of the South African quagga. According to Mr. H. A. Bryden, who has devoted a great deal of attention to the subject, the extermination of this zebra-like species in the Cape Colony took place between the years 1865 and 1870, and probably between the latter year and 1873 in the Orange River Colony, which was its last stronghold. The extermination of this species may be attributed entirely to the pernicious trade of hide-hunting, for in the first half of the century it was to be met with in thousands on the grass *veldt*, and formed the staple food of the Hottentot farm laborers of the Graaf Rietnet and many other districts. What makes the matter still more melancholy is that specimens of the animal could easily have been procured in any numbers, both for our menageries and our museums, but that (probably owing to the circumstance that naturalists were ignorant of its impending fate) no steps were taken in the matter. In the year 1851 a female was purchased by the Zoological Society of London, while seven years later a male was presented to the same body by the late Sir George Grey. The latter survived till 1872, and was thus one of the last survivors of its race. Although the fact of the practical accomplishment of the extermination of the species at that time appears to have been unknown in London, the skin of Sir George Grey's specimen was luckily preserved, and may now be seen mounted (albeit in a somewhat worn and faded condition) in the British Museum as the solitary

representative of the species. Fortunately the skeleton of this specimen was likewise preserved for the national collection.

Several photographs of the above-mentioned individual are in existence, and the Royal College of Surgeons possesses a small oil-painting, by Agassiz, of one of a pair of quaggas which were driven in harness by Mr. Sheriff Parkins in Hyde Park early in the nineteenth century. Of these two animals the College likewise possesses the skulls, which were acquired with the collection of Mr. Joshua Brookes on its purchase in 1828.

In addition to Sir George Grey's specimen, the British Museum formerly had the skin of a young quagga, in very bad condition, which was presented by the traveller William Burchell, and was subsequently described by Hamilton Smith as a distinct species, under the name of *Hippotigris isabellinus*. Apparently London museums possess no other relics of this lost species, of which, however, we believe there is an example in the museum at Edinburgh. As the animal yielded no trophies worthy the attention of the sportsman, it is unlikely that there are any specimens in private collections, unless, perchance, a skull or two may be in existence. The lack of other relics of such a common species affords a signal instance of lost opportunities, and should serve as a warning against our permitting a similar remissness to occur in the case of any other species threatened with extermination.

Mention has already been made of the extermination of the giant land tortoise of Réunion during the eighteenth century; and in the early part of its successor four other species became extinct in the neighboring islands of the Mascarene group, namely, *Testudo indica*, *T. triserrata* and *T. inepta* in Mauritius, and *T. rosmaeri* in

Rodriguez. It has likewise been considered probable that the thin-shelled tortoise (*T. abingdoni*), of Abingdon Island, in the Galapagos group, is also no longer existing, although it was certainly alive as recently as 1875.

Of birds that have disappeared during the century, in addition to the great auk, reference may first be made to the black emeu (*Dromaeus ater*), of Kangaroo Island, South Australia. When this island was explored in 1803 by a French expedition these birds were abundant, and three were sent home to Paris, where a pair lived till 1822. On their death, the skin of one and the skeleton of the other were mounted for exhibition in the Paris Museum, where they still remain. Of the third specimen no record was obtainable till 1900, when, as already noticed in this journal, its skeleton was discovered by Prof. Giglioli in the museum at Florence. These three priceless specimens are the only examples of a species which became extinct in the native state previous to the death of the Paris pair, and before it was even known to be different from the larger emeu of the mainland. For it appears that some years after the visit of the French expedition (to which Péron was naturalist) to Kangaroo Island, a settler squatted there and forthwith set to work to make a clean sweep of the emeus and kangaroos—a task in which he was only too successful.

Before the middle of the century another large bird appears to have made its final exit from this world. When Steller discovered the northern sea-cow in the islands of Bering Sea, he also brought to the notice of science a new species of cormorant (*Phalacrocorax perspicillatus*), which was especially interesting on account of being the largest representative of its kind, and likewise by the bare white rings round its eyes and the brilliant lustre of its

green and purple plumage. Stupid and sluggish in disposition, Pallas's cormorant, as the species is commonly called, appears to have been last seen alive about the year 1839, when Captain Belcher, of H. M. S. *Sulpher*, was presented with a specimen by the governor of Sitka, who also forwarded other examples to Petersburg. Captain Belcher's specimen is preserved in the British Museum, and three other skins are known to be in existence elsewhere.

The great white water-hen (*Notornis albus*), formerly inhabiting Lord Howe and Norfolk Islands, must be added to the defunct list. And the same is the case with the Tahiti rail (*Prosobonia leucoptera*) and Latham's white-winged sandpiper (*Hypotaenidia pacifica*), the latter of which in Captain Cook's time was abundant in the island above named, as well as in the neighboring Eimeo. The New Zealand quail (*Coturnix novaezealandiae*) is likewise entered in the British Museum list as extinct. The beautiful "*Pigeon hollondais*," so-called from its plumage presenting the Dutch colors, and technically known as *Alectoerenas nitidissima*, is a Mauritian species whose extermination probably took place during the century. It is known solely by three examples, one of which is preserved at Port Louis, the second in Paris, and the third in Edinburgh.

Nor must we omit from our list two species of Kaka parrot, one of which (*Nestor productus*) was a native of Philip Island, while the home of the second (*N. norfolcensis*) was the neighboring Norfolk Island. A species of parroquet (*Palacornis exsul*), peculiar to the island of Rodriguez, is also believed to be exterminated.

Neither has the duck family escaped, for the well-known pied duck (*Campotolaeus labradorius*), an ally of the elder from the North Atlantic coast of America, appears in the defaulters'

list, the last-known example having been killed in 1852.

Passing on to Passerine birds, a notable loss is the handsome crested pied starling, *Fregilupus varius*, which is believed to have become extinct about the middle of the century. Of the few remaining examples of this striking species one is preserved in the British Museum. Another species, exterminated within approximately the same period, is the gorgeous black and gold mano, or sicklebill (*Drepanis pacifica*), of Hawaii, whence it was first brought to Europe by Captain Cook. As narrated in the "Birds of the Sandwich Islands," by Messrs. Scott Wilson and Evans, the extermination of this beautiful species is to be attributed to persecution for the sake of its yellow feathers, which were used for the cloaks of the native chiefs. About four specimens are known to be preserved in museums.

Of birds that have been locally exterminated, such as the burrowing petrel (*Estrelata haesitata*), known in the Antilles as the diabolotin, it is not our intention to speak on this occasion. And this article may accordingly be fitly brought to a close by an extract from Prof. A. Newton's "Dictionary of Birds," referring to two instances where species may have perished within the century without having ever come definitely under the notice of ornithologists. After stating that one Ledru accompanied an expedition dispatched by the French Government in 1796 to the West Indies, the Professor proceeds to observe that this explorer "gives a list of the birds he found in the islands of St. Thomas and St. Croix. He enumerates fourteen kinds of birds as having occurred to him then. Of these there is now no trace of eight of the number; and, if he is to be believed, it must be supposed that within fifty or sixty years of his having been assured of their

existence they have become extinct. . If this be not enough we may cite the case of the French islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique, in which, according to M. Guyon, there were once found six species of Psittaci, all now exterminated; and it may possibly be Nature.

that the macaws, stated by Gosse and Mr. March to have formerly frequented certain parts of Jamaica, but not apparently noticed there for many years, have fallen victims to colonization and its consequences."

R. L.

JACK'S MOTHER.

For twelve long years Jack Willoughby had sat on the same stool, in the same office, plodding through the same uninteresting work—work in which lurked absolutely no suggestions, which ran always on the same level, and led ever into itself again. The suggestions, thoughts and fancies found in, or springing from, work on a higher intellectual plane, also lead ever into themselves again; and the ground over which they pass may become as deadly monotonous, to the man of Jack's temperament, as teaching village children the alphabet, or preparing the "Answers to Correspondents," for Aunt Susanna's Sunday Magazine, would be. Yet, being assured that the flight of the sea-gull and the progress of the slug would eventually prove equally wearisome, who would not choose the sea-gull's flight?

By nature Jack was a dreamer, an artist, a poet. Now there are artists who mix their colors with their own heart's blood; and there are poets who fling their bitterest pangs (and also the bitterest pangs of their friends) into verse. But Jack would never have been one of these; rather he would have found his place among those who touch only the pathos and the most delicate humor of life, singing us sweet and tender songs, and setting forth bright idylls of nature. For he loved all that

was tranquil and fair; the golden green of a beechwood, beneath the pale blue sky of an early spring day, filled his heart with a deep peace. He was one of those (not many, in these latter days) who believe that the deeper and the finer issues of life can only be reached through things purely beautiful; and at times he well-nigh touched despair, because he thought he might never even take the first step towards the goal where he fain would be. So might a child, hurrying homewards, cry bitterly because it had lost its way.

There was nothing beautiful in his life, Jack would have said; only a sordid monotony which crushed all vitality out of him, and against which his eager spirit could make no stand; with brief and rare intervals of rest, lovely indeed, but over before he had fairly got his breath.

Had he been independent of work, Jack would have loitered through life, interested, alert and most intensely receptive; and the inevitable reactions to weariness, due to the strain of melancholy in his character, would have been but the necessary shadows among the bright and delicate coloring of the whole. He would also, in all probability, have found himself able to considerably augment his income from time to time, with no more than a wholly

pleasurable effort. Whoso hath, to him shall be given. Had he stood alone, and taken his own way in the world, office walls would never have held him; but what would have become of him is problematic. A man of intellectual tastes, who yet will dream away his yearly holiday (of a fortnight's duration) in one little West Country village, instead of making a wild rush on the Continent, crowding as much as possible into the cruelly short time, is a man whose capabilities it would take some insight to gauge.

Jack loathed the office. A little devil dwelt there, flourishing exceedingly (as little devils do in this little world), who was forever whispering in his ear, "Cut it, cut it, *cut it*, you fool." That was the text, to be followed up by plans for the fool's method of procedure when he had cut it. These were varied. There were hopeful plans and desperate plans; plans heroic and plans cowardly; wise plans, and plans hopelessly foolish; plans which opened such a vista of golden days, when a man should be his own master, and take his will of the bounties which God pours for us into the lap of His handmaid, and hear his fill of that which he tells us through His mouthpiece, Nature, that Jack had to set his teeth and write, write, write, while the little devil capered with glee in a corner.

"While the Mother lives I run no risks," Jack would say to himself. "Thank Heaven, she does not guess how nearly mad it sends me!"

Hour after hour, day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year; there he sat, and wrote, wrote, wrote. While spring was setting her footprints on bank and meadow and moor, passing her hand over the hedges, and swinging, singing, in the trees; while cliff and headland and hill, and the great sweep of the great sea lay beautiful and calm beneath the April sky, and his soul was sick with

longing for the Mighty Mother; when summer burst into throbbing life; when autumn flung her rich and marvellous mantle over the wolds; when winter tantalized men with swift change from dazzling purity to sullen, yet so restful, gray—Jack sat ever in the office, and wrote, wrote, wrote.

At one time he gave up his excursions into the country on Saturday afternoons; perhaps on the principle which will make men give up smoking altogether, rather than restrict themselves to one pipe a day; or more likely because, as the years went on, Saturday afternoons found him so weary—fagged out, he called it. Sundays he had rarely, very rarely, taken for himself at all. "If you do make a lay-figure of your life," said he, "you may as well put on its rouge." So he stayed at home and took his mother to church, in all her Sunday glory of silken gown and a wondrous bonnet, compared to which her week-day head-gear was as moonlight unto sunlight; and he would even, occasionally, set the finishing touch to his conduct by appearing at her select little seventh-day tea-party—a most orthodox figure, in regulation Sunday attire, but with a lack of expression in his brown eyes which called forth many unfavorable comments. He was not a favorite with his mother's friends.

"Jack," said Mrs. Willoughby, with an obvious effort after pride, "is the best son in the world. Of course, I am aware that he does not shine. Mrs. Taylor's second son has written a novel which Beatrice Taylor describes (very improperly) as a shilling shocker. It has had a great success, and his family is in-ord-in-at-ely proud of him." The little woman always tripped over a long word with the most dainty care, even as a dainty maiden trips over a narrow bridge. "Well, no doubt it would be gratifying to any mother! But I am quite content with my kind,

stay-at-home son." And on the rare occasions when Jack had not made good his escape at the beginning of this sort of speech, she would put out a tiny hand, well-kept in spite of all the work it had done, and still did, and pat his arm in an encouraging manner.

She certainly did not consider herself dull. Do any of us know when we are spiritually hard of hearing? She was a talkative and sociable little woman, who prided herself on a rare combination of all the virtues. Was there a better housekeeper to be found? Did any one of Jack's fellow-clerks ever eat a better dinner at home than he did every day of his life? Yet who was more economical than she? And was she not also well-read, and able to talk on many subjects? On what subject indeed will a woman of her stamp not talk! And did she ever trouble Jack with domestic worries, as Mrs. Smith was always troubling that poor unfortunate Mr. Smith? And did she not properly appreciate, and acknowledge, Jack's unfailing goodness and courtesy to herself? And had he the faintest idea that she sometimes almost wished that he had been a more *striking* man?

She thought he had not; but it was a subject over which Jack had many a grim little laugh. "The Mother would like me to write an idiotic novel, or to do something else equally unholy," he would say to himself; "and I—I only want to think my own thoughts, and live my own life, instead of dying a daily death in that cursed office."

Of the longings, the unquenchable desire for freedom, the mad impatience which sometimes seemed as though it must break all bounds, she knew and guessed nothing. He went from her morning after morning, with a bright good-bye, and re-appeared in the evening, tired, it is true, but usually with a good appetite, and always courteous and ready for conversation. He told her

sometimes that he had a headache; but he never told her that he was seldom without one.

"The best son in the world," she truly said; and no one knew less than she how good. She could not have grasped—nay, she could have laid no hand upon the sense of the deadly grind, the daily treadmill, which seemed now to numb, and now to madden him; so that the best which ever happened was that now and then he lived through one supreme moment which held the concentrated bitterness of months; for he refound himself, listless and apathetic, and felt nothing for many a long day after. You cannot eat your cake and have it.

"Always the same," Jack's mother said he was; and so indeed he was, to her. "A moody beggar," his acquaintances called him; and so indeed he was to them. What he would have been had he lived with the Mighty Mother whom he loved who can say? Her hand was on his heart-strings, day and night. At times a sudden memory of her calm, of her witchery, of her grandeur, of her loveliness, of her music—or even of her enthralling incomprehensibility, at moments when she has nothing but her wonderful loneliness to offer us, as in the fen-lands of England, or as (though Jack had never seen it there) in leagues upon leagues of flat and barren veldt—a sudden thought of these things, I say, would sometimes take him by the throat and well-nigh choke him. He longed for her, sea or mountain, fen or moor, what matter? Does a child, sick for its mother, care what will be the fashion of her robes, when she comes singing the lullaby it longs for, once more?

So with ailing brain and longing soul Jack sat in the office, and wrote, wrote, wrote, through weary morning and wearier afternoon, month after month, year after year.

Once he spoke to his mother of mov-

ing to some little town, if he could get work in such a one; some place set in the real country, he said, and from which one got fairly away in three minutes' run. There was no wistfulness in his voice, nor were there ever any tears in his eyes; but the bitterest tears are those which are never shed.

His little mother was aghast at this proposition, and talked against it, with her usual correct volubility, for some small space of time. What she said was really eminently sensible, but not therefore particularly worth listening to. Then she came to the point, though she hardly considered it as such.

"As to getting into the country, my dearest boy," said she in her little tinkling voice, "I did not know you cared much about that. Why, you absolutely refused to go to the Spencer's picnic last week! If it is really such an object with you, surely, as it is, you could manage it a little oftener—if you only had a little more energy, my dear!"

"I have no energy at all, Mother," Jack said quietly; he thought of the grave where what little energy he ever had lay buried.

"Well, it often seems to me that your work *does* absorb all your faculties," returned his mother; "and it is, no doubt, a good thing that it should be so." There was just the suspicion of a sigh in her thin voice, and Jack knew that she was thinking of that book, so improperly designated a shilling shocker, which somebody else's son had written. But she was getting away from his subject, and he gently brought her back to it. "You would really dislike such a plan, then?" he asked.

"Dislike it? Well, yes; but do not think that that is the question. Have you ever known me to put forward my own likes and dislikes? It is that it would be so bad for you, Jack. And pray, how would you be likely to get

anything good enough, leaving the firm which knows you?"

"Oh, of course, I know it all hangs on an *if*," said Jack abstractedly; "still I think that Mr. Powell could and would help me."

Then did little Mrs. Willoughby become seriously alarmed. She was a thorough cockney, with all a cockney's genuine horror of provincial life; and the madness of Jack's idea of leaving the people with whom he had worked so many years, and who must surely raise his salary before long, filled her with dismay.

She gathered up all her forces. "Indeed, Jack," she began, with as much solemnity as her small personality could carry, "I know that it would be a *very bad thing* to make any change. Here we are known; we are settled; we have many, many friends by whom we are respected." A procession of his mother's friends, with their endless tittle-tattle, kind or unkind, but tittle-tattle always, passed before Jack's inner eye. "Here, at least, in this centre of civilization, we can feel the throbs of the heart of the world." Mrs. Willoughby paused, as well she might, and gave a positive gasp of delight at her achievement of this sentence, while Jack manfully repressed a desire to giggle. "And then, my dear Jack," the little tinkling voice went on, with maternal playfulness, "I really do tremble to think what you would become in a little dull, country town, with no life stirring, and nothing to keep you a little rubbed up! Even here, with all the quite superior people we see, your—your—your manners, in short my dear, are—are not—"

Jack's mother stopped, having gone further than she intended (as ninety-nine people out of a hundred do when they have once started), and having the grace to feel a little embarrassed; which feeling, however, was not shared by Jack. Jack's conscience was quite

easy respecting his manners to his mother; it was also quite easy, though from another point of view, respecting his manners to Miss Effusia Spencer.

"Yes, I know, Mother," he said nonchalantly, with his tired brown eyes in which the lights and shades were shifting and changing, fixed earnestly on nothing at all. "And if you dislike my idea so much, why we will say no more about it."

Suddenly Jack's mother had an actual qualm of conscience, a thing which had not happened to her since her husband died. The consciences of some people are like the boy in Grimm's Fairy Tales, who did not know how to shiver, until his wife the Princess taught him with a bucketful of fish in

Macmillan's Magazine.

their native element, applied as he lay warm in bed. "Of course," she said, with a sudden softening of her voice, which came to Jack's heart as showers to a thirsty land, "of course anything you really wish I must agree to. You have been a good son to me, Jack; and you must not think that I forget that I am almost entirely dependent on you—"

"Hush, Mother, hush," said Jack, reddening. "And as to my plan, it was just a passing thought, and I spoke of it; that was all."

This was not true, but he never spoke of the matter again. And if he had flitted, the probabilities are that the little devil would have flitted too.

THE POETRY OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

The English poets of the twentieth century, who will they be, what will they be like, of what will they write? Is it possible to foretell? Hardly; but it is interesting to speculate, and there are some suggestions which may be thrown out. I do not speak, of course, of those living poets older or younger whom the new century inherits from the old, though they have their influence, and a very potent one, in determining the character of the next phase, but of those who will both express and mould that phase itself when it has begun definitely to take shape.

First of all, then, will there be any worthy of the name? The question may seem rhetorical and idle, but when Chaucer died in 1400 England had to wait not only for one century, but half the next, before she saw or heard again a great English poet or a great English poem. What was the

reason? Chance, and the incalculable complexity of human affairs, or the Wars of York and Lancaster? To some extent the former, though that is hardly an answer, but largely assuredly the latter. Certainly not the fact that one century had ended and another begun, for the date with a new initial is merely an arbitrary land-mark in a continuous progress, a pile driven into the bed of the flowing stream of history. Yet it has often coincided with a marked change in human affairs, the beginning or ending of an era, some great war which has made a dividing line, the death and birth of empires, the rise and fall of dynasties, and when it has so coincided it has emphasized the change.

When Chaucer died no great contemporary survived to be carried over into the next age. When the fifteenth century in turn came to an end it could again hand on no great poet

to the sixteenth, for it had none of its own. Very different was the case when the sixteenth century drew to its close. Two of the greatest poets, it is true, did not outlive it, but died on or near the stroke of its midnight hour—Marlowe in 1593 and Spenser in 1599. But the generation carried over Shakespeare and Jonson, Ford and Massinger, Fletcher and Beaumont, Daniel and Drayton and many another. Queen Elizabeth, it is true, only survived to 1603, but the Elizabethan age passed on into and deeply tinged, nay dominated, the Jacobean. The quaint, to us almost ludicrous language of the time reminds us of this continuity.

Those flights upon the banks of
Thames
Which so did take Eliza and our
James.

The Swan of Avon continued his flights for another decade, nor was his death-song heard on his native stream till 1614, while the great Elizabethan impulse under which Milton fortunately fell was felt through him and others more than half through the century. The poetic link between the age of Queen Elizabeth and that of Queen Anne is, of course, Dryden. Like Chaucer, Dryden died in the closing year of his century; once again of poetry there was little to be carried over. Even if we do not subscribe to the paradox of Matthew Arnold that Pope, and Dryden too, are great prose writers, not poets at all, Pope's poetry is certainly poetry of a very limited type, and little true poetry was heard till Burns in 1786 published his first volume, and the century was waning fast.

The eighteenth century closed fitly enough with the funeral dirge of Cowper. But already the bells were ringing up for the first chimes of the

new era, and their music had begun to gather strength. Burns who had come and gone was not strictly an English poet, anyhow belonged to no school and no century. His admirations were of the eighteenth century, Gray and Shenstone. His own genius was of no age, and, therefore of all. But Wordsworth and Coleridge, though essentially poets of the new century, had taken their impulse from the great event which closed and broke up the old, and had published their first books in the eighteenth. With, and following them, there set in, as we all know, something like a hundred years of song which closed only the other day. The truth is that here again the old era ended with the century or a few years before. The change of date coincided with a real transition. Would it have been possible at the end of the sixteenth, of the seventeenth, of the eighteenth century, to predict the character of the poetry of the next age? To some extent it would. In 1600 the new era had already set in. In 1700 it would seem that from Dryden men might have predicted Addison, and Pope, and even Goldsmith and Johnson. In 1800 one thing which actually followed seemed clear to the poets, that the new age would be an age of freedom. The other characteristic, that it would be an age of material improvement, and applied science, was also dimly foreseen. Oddly enough the best prophecy came from one of the worst poets. It is one of the curiosities of literature that Dr. Erasmus Darwin, who published his poem in its complete shape in 1800 and died in 1802, foretold the triumph of steam—

Soon shall thine arm unconquered
Steam afar,
Drag the slow barge or urge the rapid
car.

He did not foretell, however, the tri-

umphs of his own grandson, nor had the author of the "Botanic Garden" any inkling of the world in which the "Origin of Species" would produce so far-reaching a mental revolution. These are the things it is hardly possible to foretell.

Are we now again at the end of an era? Has an old order broken up; are we on the threshold of a new? The answer would seem to be that we are. The expression *fin-de-siècle* on so many lips ten years ago anticipated and discounted the real end of the century, because the era was even then already dead or dying.

When will the new age begin? What will it be like? Two things we seem to see, that it will be an era of Empire, or the struggle for it; an era perforce of larger national aggregations, and an era of scientific discovery, progressing in an accelerated ratio. An age of Empire. But what is the poetry of Empire? Virgil and Horace sang the Roman Empire in. For about a century the provinces reinforced it. Then it sank into stagnation and silence. Will our Empire and its poetry go the way of the Roman? Tennyson, the English Virgil, is its first poet. Will he be the last? Hardly, for unlike the Roman it will have to struggle to maintain its existence. Unlike the Roman it rests not on the compelled obedience of tributary States, but on the spontaneous co-operation of young and growing daughter nations. And Tennyson again—and it is another reason why, as the multitude of books being written about him show, he is still as popular as ever and is indeed, though dead, emphatically a poet of the twentieth century—was the first English poet of science. It was his view that in the development of science the poet of the future would have new material and more opportunity than the poet of the past. Such announcements as those of Mr. Tesla,

even if premature, would have interested him profoundly. Once more he would have felt and sung how

Science reaches forth her arms
To feel from world to world, and
 charms
Her secret from the latest morn.

And poetry, again, like all art, is the expression not only of thought but of feeling—nay, even more of feeling than of thought. And it exists for delectation, even for amusement, yet more directly than for illumination, much less instruction. There are signs that the stage, which so many actors and managers have toiled to lift, has reached a really higher level and that it will bear and even welcome true poetry. There are signs, too, of a general elevation of the standard of literary technique through education. Such works as Professor Raleigh's on Style and on Milton are significant; significant in themselves, still more in their popularity. A new style will go with the new themes and tastes. Here then is much promise and certainly ample scope for poetry as fine, as great, as any we have heard before.

Mr. Stephen Phillips, one of the most gifted of the Victorian Elizabethans, in an ode of much dignity and grace, full of a solemn unearthly beauty, as of night and dream, has endeavored to forecast what the new age will be. Happier, healthier—we shall have no war he tells us, and no death, or rather a death which will not be death, for it will not part us from our friends. But alas! too probably we shall find that his is indeed a dream. Yet even so the reality of the morning may be less but also more beautiful. Happier times, happier poets; healthier lives, healthier song. Let us hope so. Anyhow the poets will be different and yet similar. For there are eternal canons in every art. The new poets may be

different as Dante is from Virgil,
Goethe from Sophocles, Wordsworth
from Milton, Tennyson from Spenser,
or Mr. Phillips, shall we say? from
Marlowe; but perhaps not more differ-
ent. Anyhow, let us hope that they
will be yet happier and gentler, not
less serious, not more voluptuous, but

Literature.

more "humane" voices of a serener
world—

Ah earlier shall the rosebuds blow,
In after years those happier years,
And children weep when we lie low
Far fewer tears, far softer tears.

T. Herbert Warren.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

[Not content with Professional Conferences, a spirited body of Public School Masters has chartered the steam-yacht *Argonaut* from Messrs. Perowne and Lunn, for an educative visit to Sicily, Greece, and the Isles thereof. [Information on certain sites of peculiar interest will be furnished by specialists. A Magic Lantern will accompany the expedition.]

O "Isles" (as Byron said) "of Greece!"

For which the firm of Homer sang,
Especially that little piece

Interpreted by Mr. Lang,
Where the unblushing Sappho wrote
The hymns we hardly like to quote;—

I cannot share his grave regret
Who found your fame had been and gone;
There seems to be a future yet
For Tenedos and Marathon;
Fresh glory gilds their deathless sun,
And this is due to Dr. Lunn!

What though your harpers twang no more?

What though your various lyres are dumb?

See where by Cirrha's sacred shore,
Bold Argonauts, the Ushers come!
All bring their maps and some their wives,
And at the vision Greece revives!

The Delphic oracles are off,
But still the site is always there;
The fumes that made the Pythian cough
Still permeate the conscious air;
Parnassus, of the arduous "grade,"
May still be clomb, with local aid.

Lunching upon the self-same rock
Whence Xerxes viewed the wine-red frith,
They realize with vivid shock
The teachings of "the smaller Smith;"
With bated breath they murmur—"This
Is actually Salamis!"

The Schoolmaster Abroad.

They visit where Penelope
 Nightly unwove the work of day,
 Staving her suitors off till he,
 Ulysses, let the long-bow play,
 And on his brave grass-widow's breast
 Forgot Calypso and the rest.
 In Crete, where Theseus first embraced
 His Ariadne, they explore
 (Just now authentically traced)
 The footprints of the Minotaur;
 And follow, to the maze's source,
 The thread of some profound discourse.
 That isle where Leto, sick with fright,
 So scandalized her mortal kin,
 Where young Apollo, lord of light,
 Commenced his progress as a twin—
 Fair Delos they shall get to know,
 And Paros, where the marbles grow.
 Not theirs the course of crude delight
 On which the common tourist wends,
 From faith they move, by way of sight,
 To knowledge meant for noble ends;
 'Twill be among their purest joys
 To work it off upon the boys.
 One hears the travelled teacher call
 Upon the Upper Fifth to note
 (Touching the Spartan counter-wall)
 How great the lore of Mr. Grote;
 And tell them, "His are just the views
 I formed myself—at Syracuse!"
 When Jones is at a loss to show
 Where certain islands ought to be,
 How well to whack him hard and low
 And say, "The pain is worse for me,
 To whom the Cyclades are quite
 Familiar, like the Isle of Wight."
 And then the lecture after prep.!
 The Magic Lantern's lurid slide!
 The speaker pictured on the step
 Of some old shrine, with no inside;
 Or groping on his reverent knees
 For Eleusinian mysteries!
 Hellas defunct? O say not so,
 While Public School-boys faint to hear
 The tales of antique love or woe,
 Brought home and rendered strangely clear
 With instantaneous Kodak-shots
 Secured by ushers on the spots!